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HOWARD.

Engraved by Romney & Fowler

THE
EMPIRE
OF
PHILANTHROPY.

WITH
A PORTRAITURE OF BRITISH EXCELLENCE,
AS A NATIONAL EXAMPLE.

A Dramatic Poem,
WITH NOTES.

BY WILLIAM SEWARD HALL.

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Dedicated, with Permission, to the King.

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"PHILANTHROPY IS THE HEALTH OF THE HEART,".....MISS SEWARD.

LONDON :

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TO THE KING.

SIRE,

NO PRINCE who has sat on the Throne of the British Nation has been more solicitous to maintain and illustrate the Dignity and Importance which it has long held among the Nations of the Earth, than your Majesty ;— and as the Acme of that Dignity and Importance consists in the warm and diffusive *PHILANTHROPY* which animates both *PRINCE* and *PEOPLE*, I derive a peculiar satisfaction, and very heartfelt pleasure,

in having the high honour of Your most gracious Permission to dedicate this Poem, THE EMPIRE OF PHILANTHROPY, to Your Majesty.

That Your Majesty may long reign in health, prosperity, and peace, over a highly enlightened, harmonious, and philanthropic People, is the fervent prayer of him who, with the most profound homage, has the honour to be,

SIRE,

Your Majesty's most faithful Subject,

WILLIAM SEWARD HALL.

P R E F A C E.

TO impress on the philanthropic heart, and more especially on that of a generous Briton, the sweet satisfaction of having been the mean of promoting the happiness of Mankind—to generate therein an unremitting effort to increase their felicity—and to raise the soul of the Philanthropist in admiration, adoration, and love of HIM who is the Divine Fountain of benignity and mercy—are the objects of the Author in this Poem. And, at the same time, he rejoices in having the pleasurable opportunity of holding up therein his benevolent and beloved Country as the great national example of Philanthropy to the world: while his patriotic aim is, yet higher to improve its elevated character—to cement its population in harmony and love—and to awaken the attention of the generous Briton to those further benevolent pursuits that will advance the happiness of the human race.

ADDRESS.

WHILE FANCY, deck'd with varied flowers,
Allures the throng to seek her bowers,
At FICTION'S shrine to spend their hours,
And, with her fascinating smiles,
To evanescent bliss beguiles ;
While others, in romantic lays,
Make her the burden of their praise ;
Be mine my powers in verse t' employ,
To win the soul to fadeless joy ;
Observance with Reflection blend,
And thus achieve a nobler end ;
PHILANTHROPY I'll make my theme,
Uphold to view her radiant beam,
And call th' attention of the Earth
To records of BRITANNIA'S worth ;
To lead her Sons still more to bless,
And cause increase of happiness.

And, while I sing BRITANNIA'S fame,
Her Deeds of Love around proclaim,
Let BRITONS glory in their name ;
And, for the bliss they've shed abroad,
Let BRITONS raise their thanks to GOD ;
Then hymn HIS praise who gave the gen'rous mind,
Who sent *PHILANTHROPY* to bless Mankind.

P E R S O N Æ.



PHILANTHROPY.

OBSERVER.

MENTOR.

ANTICIPATOR.

LEARNING.

SCIENCE.

ART.

LIBERTY.

BENEVOLENCE.

VIRTUE.

PIETY.

EUROPE.

ASIA.

AFRICA.

AMERICA.

NEGROES.

THE
E M P I R E
OF
PHILANTHROPY.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*A Landscape, with a luminous appearance in the Sky.*

OBSERVER AND MENTOR.

OBSERVER.

HARK ! hear ! from yonder brilliant skies,
The heavenly herald !—thus he cries :—
“ Divine PHILANTHROPY, arise !
“ Ascend a high imperial throne,
“ And make th’ extensive world thine own ;
“ Wear on thy brow, a rich, and radiant crown—
“ From pole to pole, be carol’d thy renown ;
“ Reign thou from land to land, from shore to shore,
“ And richly thy diffusive blessings pour ;
“ Throughout the Earth’s extensive range,
“ Let thy soft genial beams, with lustre glow,
“ To dissipate the shades of human woe,
“ And cause a swelling tide of joy to flow ;
“ Thy sceptre’s sway ne’er know a change.”

“ For her—a sumptuous banquet Heaven ordains,
 “ And those her guests—within whose hearts she
 reigns;

“ Learning, with Science, Art and Liberty,

“ Benevolence and Virtue, now agree;

“ And last, (not least) resplendent Piety:

“ Be all alert—your viands rich prepare,

“ And spread her board with most delicious fare;

“ ’Tis you can glad her with her fondest food,

“ For you—on Man bestow the choicest good:

 “ ’Tis Man—she loves,

 “ And Heaven approves!”

MENTOR.

His voice in melody, how sweet!

His words with richness, how replete!

The ear’s enchanted with the rapturous sounds—

The animated heart with joy rebounds;

 Nor can unmov’d remain the tongue,

 But silence breaks, in grateful song.

Let praise attune my soul till life shall end!

The growing number of my days I’ll spend

In gratitude unto THE GREAT SUPREME;

Whose uncontroled, wide majestic sway

Rules all events—and all in boundless love:

While opening scenes his wisdom rich display;

And all the thought of Man soars far above:

That wisdom—power—and goodness, be my theme.

 I’ll laud his name to highest Heaven,

 For HE—PHILANTHROPY has given.

SCENE II.—*The interior of a Palace with a magnificent Throne ; OBSERVER and MENTOR, with PHILANTHROPY, who, drest in imperial Regalia, appears seated thereon.*

OBSERVER.

On her imperial seat,
PHILANTHROPY appears!

MENTOR.

Her countenance, how sweet !
Her smile, my spirit cheers.

OBSERVER.

Behold ! her crown in beauty shines !
With choicest gems from richest mines !
The nabob ne'er was so attir'd ;
No monarch so superbly drest,
Nor sumptuous robes were so admir'd,
From north to south, from east to west.

MENTOR.

Philanthropy ! how dear to me !
O ! may thy reign most prosperous be ! !
And wide throughout the world extend ;
In Thee—the millions find their friend ! ! !

OBSERVER.

I hear Philanthropy's alluring voice.

MENTOR.

Sweet melody! It makes my soul rejoice.

OBSERVER.

Now she begins her glorious reign,
And blessings rich succeed in train;

Unto the skies
She lifts her eyes,
And Heaven adores;
Unto the skies
She lifts her eyes,
And Heaven implores.

PHILANTHROPY (HER PRAYER.)

When, Solomon, thy favored son
Ascended to his throne,
To Thee he look'd, with fervent prayer,
That Thou would'st make his reign thy care :
Thus all his subjects' hearts he won,
His crown in glory shone.
Irradiating ray, from Thee I beam,
Unsullied, pure, without alloy,
Thou boundless source of solid joy,
From whence unnumber'd blessings teem.
Cherish thine offspring, Power Divine!
My glory is—I'm truly Thine;
To me extensive influence impart!
And may I ever reign amongst mankind,
The rich, supreme enjoyment of the mind,
The captivating mistress of the heart!

MENTOR.

The soul that's warm'd with generous heavenly fire,
And ardent love towards all his fellow men,
Inspir'd by hope to gain this high desire,
In fervent lively joy—aspires—Amen!

PHILANTHROPY.

Listen all—'tis I invite:
Hearts of men, in love unite,
Let me see the happy sight,
And enjoy my true delight!
Let every heart with friendship glow,
And social Union richly flow!

Flow, richly flow, mild placid social stream!
Fed with salubrious rills, exuding from
Delectant mounts, whose verdant tops are ever
Moist with heavenly dew—unfold thy soft,
Thy genial bosom to the glowing rays
Which constant on thee beam, and reflect with
Sparkling brilliance on the admiring eye;
That *each* in love may cordially embrace
The *other* as his friend—see Paradise
Again celestialise the earth, and antedate
The blissful harmony of future heaven.

OBSERVER.

Boon descending from above!
Kind and gentle as the dove,
Sweet the ties of social love!!

}

MENTOR.

Throughout the world, my fellow men, arise !
And hail this high, auspicious day : Ye bards !
Aspire to pen the animating hymn—
T' indite the theme sublime of heaven's kind boon
To Man.

Ye sons of harmony combine—
Compose the grand Handelian sacred strains ;
Let organs peel, and thrilling trumpets sound ;
Inspiring horns be heard : the mellow bass
Be felt, and drums fill up ; while the whole field
Of softer music joins, to melodise
The soul in praise !

Let hoary heads, and those
Of virile age, with lively youth unite !
And smiling infants, too, (while with uplifted
Little hands they're held in mother's arms)
The jubilating congregation join,
To welcome in the Philanthropic Reign !

OBSERVER.

“ Welcome, Philanthropy ! ” the millions cry,

MENTOR.

And welcome, too ! my grateful lips reply ;
Influence divine !
In radiance shine ;
With lustre beam on ev'ry heart,
And all thine excellence impart.

SCENE III.—*A spacious Hall, with an extensive range of Tables, prepared for the reception of a Banquet.*

PHILANTHROPY, MENTOR, AND OBSERVER.

OBSERVER.

Assembled groups are here, at Heavens command,
And eager at thy porch, united, press ;
Each hath a plenteous store of bliss in hand,
Philanthropy! thy favorite, Man, to bless,
The richest banquet they bestow,
That He can e'er enjoy below.

PHILANTHROPY.

Give them a hearty welcome through my gate ;
Here are my tables—large, and ready set.

*Enter LEARNING, SCIENCE, ART, LIBERTY,
BENEVOLENCE, VIRTUE, AND PIETY.*

THE GROUP.

We come! we come! and each possessing,
To man, an high spring tide of blessing ;
In us, his mine of treasure lies ;
For we can raise
The human race,
And bear them upwards to the skies.

PHILANTHROPY.

Welcome, my friends ! rich shower of gifts benign ; }
 Luxuriant Cornucopia Divine !! }
 Man to felicitate your powers combine :
 And thus shall I my dearest wish obtain ;
 While you my warmest gratitude will gain.

LEARNING.

Creation speaks !—Humanity is born—
 Idea shoots—see radiant Reason's dawn !
 The parent bids his prattling child,
 (With yearning heart, and accent mild,)
 To kind, and fost'ring Learning look,
 As shepherdess, with friendly crook,
 To guide him to the verdant mead,
 On choicest herbage, there to feed.

MENTOR.

To Knowledge, and to History,
 Learning holds out the opening key ;
 Therein a source of richest treasure lies ;
 To all possessing her, the choicest prize.
 With high delight,
 Divines invite,
 In Love, their fellow men !
 Bid them behold,
 Her hands unfold
 The draught of *sacred pen* :

And thus, through her, the truest bliss is given;
 She hands the ladder—bids man mount to Heaven.

OBSERVER.

This favor'd age improving grows—
 Instruction now abundant flows;
 Millions receive of Learning's store,
 And hand it out to millions more.

PHILANTHROPY.

See her radiance richly beaming!
 Let her precious treasures, teeming,
 Shed their benefits around!
 Every clime the boon possessing,
 Highly prizing Learning's blessing,
 While her choicest fruits abound!

SCIENCE.

As rising sun proclaims the day,
Learning to Science paves the way,
 You'll find in me profusive hoard,
 To embellish and enrich the board.

ART.

I, too, *Philanthropy*, can much impart;
 My viands are profuse, they'll cheer your heart—
 Mankind esteem the various works of Art;

I lessen labour, numerous comforts hand,
 And elegance attends on *Art's* command :
 My parent *Science* is, I frankly own ;
 Yet without *me*, would *she* be much unknown.

SCIENCE.

Science ennobles man!—exalts his rank,
 And to him proves an inexhausted bank—
 The soul enlarges, makes the mind expand ;
 Man is her child—she takes him by the hand,
 Leads him through Nature's circuit, great and small,
 And shews him *DEITY* pourtray'd in all !!!
 The flowers, that with such beauties beam,
 The insects, which in myriads teem,
 The beasts, the birds, and reptiles of each sort,
 The finny tribe, who in the waters sport,
 (To whom instinctive ray is given,
 Reason's struck dumb ! it came from Heaven !!)
 The fire, the air, the sea, the hills,
 Volcanoes, mountains, rivers, rills,
 The clouds which genial showers diffuse,
 The magnet, too ! (how great its use !!)
 The sun, the moon, and stars, that shine,
 All teach a powerful hand *DIVINE* !!!
 While man, with contemplative soar,
 Is form'd to wonder, and adore !

MENTOR.

How doth the active, penetrating mind,
With all its soaring meditative thought,
Collapse into diminitude ! when, through
The skirts of the immense celestial field,
It takes its range—and thinks on DEITY!!——
While the grand copious page HE there unfolds,
Is but the Title, of the wonderous Book!!!

SCIENCE.

The thirsty panting mind looks up to me ;
I'm inspiration in the minor key.
What congregated blessings Science showers !
New and increasing, as the growing hours ;
How rich in benefit ! What large extent !
What service *Arts* and *Sciences* have lent !
So copious round, to such perfection brought,
To which our ancestry had little thought !

MENTOR.

The great eternal mind,
Hath shone upon mankind,
With fervent and diffusive glow ;
Its beams create the sage,
Give this enlighten'd age,
And Art—Invention—Science flow ;
Replenish'd from the skies,
Their germs with vigour rise ;
With large increase, and beauty grow,

PHILANTHROPY.

The soul enlarg'd, that views the Almighty's plan,
 To bless, adorn, and to ennoble Man,
 With high delight, will see him rise,
 To claim his kindred with the skies ;
 Will glory in NEWTONIAN days,
 When Science her bright beam displays.

Behold the beam
 With blessings teem ;
 With heartfelt joy admiring stand,
 And see its lustre richly grand,
 Which rose on Britain's favoured land.

LIBERTY.

To gratify the Philanthropic heart,
 See Liberty—I come to act my part ;
 The precious blessings which I bring,
 Give to the soul an animated spring,
 Which makes mankind with joy and rapture sing.
 Art—Learning—Science, have abundant use,
 Felicity to Man they wide diffuse,
 And as embellishments they are beheld,
 Yet relish want—if Liberty's withheld :
 Where that's unknown, they scarcely can survive ;
 But where *she* flourishes—they grow and thrive.

In Albion, Liberty hath taken root,
 Hath grown with vigorous and luxuriant shoot,
 And richly laden with delicious fruit :

Nurtured by—highly valued BRUNSWICK's hand ;
 A stately tree—Nations! behold her stand!
 The admired ornament of Britain's land !!

MENTOR.

On all Mankind did GOD bestow the Earth,
 Created his whole offspring free by birth ;
 What, then, can make Man truly feel his worth?

'Tis cheering, smiling *Liberty* !

Britain is free—oh! animating sound!
 The high born Briton loves his native ground ;
 To nations she her influence sheds around,

To give their birthright—*Liberty*.

Let Tyranny go hide its head in shame,
 And Earth no longer know the odious name ;
 For Britain's torch hath lighted up the flame

Of sacred—Heaven born *Liberty*.

PHILANTHROPY.

Heartfelt joys and lively pleasures
 In the generous soul abound,
 When Liberty, from her rich treasures,
 Sends her gifts extensive round.

BENEVOLENCE.

Behold ! BENEVOLENCE appears!
 With healing in her wings,
 To bless Mankind—with joy she steers—
 Abundant treat she brings.

Exult and jubilate in me,
With grateful heart rejoice and see,
The welcome PANACEA!—free !!



MENTOR.

O! sweet, benign, Benevolence! in Thee,
With high delight, do we, on Earth, behold
The precious counterpart, in vigorous growth,
Of that celestial, salutiferous tree,
In sublime, wonderous vision once beheld,
Which richly yields its new and varied fruits,
And by whose leaves the Nation's healing gain.

BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence will ease impart,
Light up the eye, and cheer the heart ;
Unto the piteous sons of grief,
Will yield the sweet and wish'd relief;
Will take the unprotected 'neath her wing,
And make the widow smile—the orphan sing.

OBSERVER.

In private walk, we gladly trace
The friends of Man, a generous race,
Whose souls with Pity move;
Princes and Kings in mercy shine,
Her softest cords their hearts entwine ;
They radiate in love.

MENTOR.

But Men combined—their blessings to extend,
Thereby accomplish most exuberant end.

OBSERVER.

The kind and tender heart, alert with joy,
Enlists in this benevolent employ ;
The plenteous purse, the sympathetic tear,
Unite—and Humane Institutions rear.
See, Heaven-born Pity flow in swelling tides !
In triumph, PHILANTHROPIC Union rides !!

*The Statue of BRITANNIA rises, adorned with
the Trophies of her numerous Charities and
generous acts.*

BENEVOLENCE.

Let every eye be turned to Britain's isle !
View Mercy's trophies with approving smile.

OBSERVER.

For Learning, Sciences, and Arts,
For Liberty—she stands renowned :
Blessings her Commerce wide imparts
Throughout the extensive Earth around.
Mankind for these will hail her birth ;
But here I speak not half her worth—

For sweet Benevolence her heart entwines—
Radiant example to the world she shines.

MENTOR.

Those beauteous plants, *Humanity* and *Love*,
Those choice exotics, borne from climes above,
In Albion thrive—in rich luxuriance bloom ;
Their fragrance wide diffuse in sweet perfume.

OBSERVER.

Hail, BRITAIN! help of those in need,
Alive to every noble deed ; .
Suppliant to Thee looks up Distress ;—
 Though long its train,
 Looks not in vain ;
 Thy mercy beams,
 Thy pity teems ;
 With bosom warm
 And outstretched arm,
Benign BRITANNIA—runs to bless !!!

Her bounteous sons, in varied concord join,
In numerous genial constellations shine.

MENTOR.

The world's ennobled by possessing
A Nation so replete with blessing.

OBSERVER.

What dismal moans were heard from Afric's coast !
What dire heart-rending scenes appall'd the sight !
There DEITY beheld his noblest work,
With tyrant's grasp enchain ; with tyrant's tread,
Oppress and crush his fellow Man.—The lust
Of wealth bade native Princes rise in arms,
And desolation spread throughout the towns .
And all the calm retir'd abodes of peace.

The human wolves seiz'd on their hapless prey,
Blasting for ever sweet domestic bliss ;
And e'en the softer sex were not exempt,
But all were sold as merchandise, to men,
With hearts of flint—then iron'd up, and pack'd
In Floating Hells, across wide ocean borne
To distant coasts—*re-sold*, to linger out
A harrass'd life of toil, beneath the lash
That practis'd hands and callous hearts inflict,
In bitter unremitted slavery.
Their children, too, without a feeling friend,
Born to be *slaves*, 'till irksome life shall end.

Britannia's soul it keenly felt,
In pity all her heart did melt ;
Her gen'rous sympathy awoke,
And thus, imperative, she spoke:—
“ The horrid traffic I disown ;
“ With ME, let no such trade be known.”

With Philanthropic ardor fir'd,
 Her *King* and *Senators* conspir'd,
 Fulfilling that her soul desir'd.

}

MENTOR.

Renown'd do *Pitt* and *Fox*, as Statesmen, stand;
 Historic page transmits their fame, as Men;
 But *Fox* and *Pitt*, as friends to *Afric's* land,
 Record their names—with adamant pen:
 Yet *Wilberforce*, (to sympathy most dear!
 Whose name is music to the humane ear)
 With soul controll'd by Philanthropic Will,
 More nobly stands, and rises higher still.

OBSERVER.

She rests not here—but Advocate she stands,
 And pleads the godlike cause with other lands;
 To nations round she cries—"Come, be like me!
 "Let *Afric's* sons remain in Peace—and Free."
 To gain this end, her *Prince* and *Senate* plan—
 The zealous friends of Freedom—and of Man.

PHILANTHROPY.

Let *Ethiopia's* sons, in shouts of praise,
 For British mercy their thanksgiving raise.

OBSERVER.

Throughout her shores do her compassions teem,
 For balmy kindness she's a swelling stream,
 Which, like her *Thames*, bears blessings as it flows:

MENTOR.

Her gen'rous acts diverge in varied ways,
 Profusive as meridian solar rays ;
 In wide—in rich expansion she bestows.

OBSERVER.

See how her CHARITIES her land adorn !
 And hail the boon—to be a Briton born !
 Behold her num'rous Institutions rise,
 In shining turrets, 'neath propitious skies :
 For Foundlings, Orphans, Wounded, Sick, Insane—
 To ease, to succour, and to save ;
 And (truly named) *Society Humane*—
 To rescue from untimely grave.
 Th' affecting scene of lives thus snatch'd from death,
 Whom friends wept o'er, as given up their breath ;
 Which British Love—so feeling doth display—
 Nor language can express, nor pen pourtray !!

PHILANTHROPY.

Let *Hawes* and *Cogan* ne'er be out of mind ;
 Let *Lettson's* name be ever with them join'd,
 Whose labours have so greatly blest mankind.

}

OBSERVER.

In Nature's painful dang'rous hour,
 Poor Females have attendance—given ;

Their Children's health is British care;
 (What blessings thus doth *Britain* show'r!)
 The Mother renders thanks to Heaven—
 And *Britain* hath the Mother's prayer.

By gen'rous gift, as kind as free,
 Poor Debtors gain their liberty.

Distrest old age—the Deaf—the Dumb—the Blind—
 Implore her aid, and consolation find.

The son of want, who pines at home,
 Borne down with sickness and with keen distress—

Whose case escapes the public eye,
 Receives a visitant to ease his moan,
 With pious soul, to comfort and to bless,
 And hand a welcome, kind supply.

Nor is the Criminal by her forget,
 Or left behind without her tender thought!
 Towards him compassion warm she bears,
 In pity sheds o'er him her tears.
 His Offspring, too, are snatch'd from vicious ways,
 And train'd in virtue's paths;

PHILANTHROPY.

And thus They raise
 A splendid column unto Britain's praise.

OBSERVER.

Man's fatal malady—which misery spread,
 Which eye-sight dimm'd—which beauty spoil'd—
 Which fill'd the tender parents breast with dread,

And millions yearly swept away,
Receives a check!—they save their child!
In comely form their offspring rear,
And see almighty Love's display!

PHILANTHROPY.

While *Jenner's* skill—
For ever will
To all the world be truly dear!!!

OBSERVER.

Her heroes—Military men, and Tars,
Advanc'd in age, or wounded in her wars,
Feel their beloved country kind—
Asylums and provision find.
So free her benefits—enlarg'd her soul—
Shelter and food are ready for her whole*.

To learning's goal Britannia paves the way;
(How blest the young in this improving day!)
See how *her* kindness richly flows!

“To hedges and highways she goes,”
Placards her invitations broad in sight,
“Her house to fill, doth free invite;”
Around with emphasis she cries—
“My sons, come *gratis*, and be wise!”

PHILANTHROPY.

So Wisdom's plants in verdure grow,
And Virtue's flowers with beauty blow.

* This relates to England.

*Great Nation ! !—thus to cultivate the mind—
Thy King, thy Princes, and thy People, join'd !*

*Curtains rise and discover Views of St. Paul's
Cathedral, and some of the most superb Italian
edifices.*

OBSERVER.

To build anew, in lofty stile august,
A grand Cathedral, that should rear its head
Above most tow'ring spires—a monument
Of architect'ral skill—Britannia will'd,—
And call'd her well-taught scientific son,
Th' immortal *Wren*, and gave it in command
To plan—and then in majesty erect
The splendid pile ; and to her sons well skill'd
In sculpt'ral art, to place within its walls
The chissel'd marble and the trophied urn,
In grateful memory of departed worth :—
He willingly his master-piece achiev'd—
They skill and genius in their works display'd.

Britannia took survey, and thus exclaim'd :—

“ Obey'd are my commands—stupendous pile !

“ What large extent !—what peerless height !—its
dome

“ Attracts admiring gaze for miles around ;

“ And while the eye admires, its mellow bell,

“ In undulating tones, salutes the ear,

“ And hourly flight of time aloud proclaims.

Between its massive pillars then her steps
She pac'd ; and, entering in, she gaz'd around :—
The monuments her fix'd attention caught ;
“ Here stands (said she) the statues of those men
“ Who fell in Britain's cause. Here lies entomb'd
“ The man, whose very name struck panic fear,
“ Yet knew not fear himself !—My *Nelson*, brave !
“ Who was the guardian of my happy shores—
“ The Champion of the Seas !—there meets my eye
“ The image of my *Johnson*, deeply read ;—and there,
“ My best belov'd—my *Howard*, I behold !
“ My pride and glory is, to claim him *mine*,
“ And call him *Britain's* child.—(In my esteem,
“ Exploits of war, and deeds of arms, stand high—
“ With Literature, which ornaments my land,
“ But the fair deeds Philanthropy hath done,
“ My praise outshine, and captivate my heart.)
“ Within his humane hand, I see the key
“ (The sculptor aptly plac'd) which forc'd the bolts
“ Of gloomy, loathsome cells.—The doors fell back ;
“ The glimm'ring light appalling scenes disclos'd,
“ While round his heart a heavenly lustre shone.
“ He saw—he felt—he bore relief, and sooth'd
“ The Captive's woes.—O'er *Europe's* ground he
trod,
“ To meliorate Imprisonment, and be
“ The Prisoner's friend. In this benign employ,

“ He spent his wealth and time—and in the cause—
 “ A Martyr fell!!”——

Again *Britannia* view'd,
 She mus'd awhile—anon she spoke, “ Observe
 “ Its perfect dome—what nice skill'd symmetry !
 “ 'Therein the gentlest whisper hails the ear,
 “ And softest sounds in peeling thunders roll.
 “ This edifice exalts my pride ; and yet,
 “ In building and in sculpture I'm outdone !
 “ 'Fam'd Italy excels ; I yield the palm.
 “ But, shall BRITANNIA be eclips'd ? shall Italy
 “ Uphold to an admiring world achievement
 “ Of transcendent, and most noble kind,
 “ That I cannot outdo, by far excel ?
 “ Admirers of the true sublime, of scenes
 “ Which elevate the soul, and which adorn
 “ Th' Historian's page, attention lend ; I will
 “ Within this *sacred House*, a scene display—
 “ A scene, which boasting Rome did ne'er present ;
 “ For, it shall be the true drawn portraiture
 “ Of *Britons* in the GEORGES' Halcyon days.

“ Once in the annual circuit of the sun,
 “ This beauteous dome the canopy shall form,
 “ To num'rous juvenile Group (of sexes both),
 “ The samples of the gen'rous fost'ring care,

“ The effluent Charity of *London's* sons ;
“ Who here to DEITY shall homage give,
“ In hallow'd chorus his high praises pay.”

Nor did *Britannia* only plan—she wrought ;
And year by year : This captivating view
Unfolds a welcome treat to humane hearts !!
These foster'd Young do in her temple meet,
And raise the choral hymn—*Thousands* in grand
Orchestra—pealing Hallelujahs sing.

Here did *Britannia's* King, (of mem'ry dear),
With his illustrious Queen, and Royal House,
Repair—and, rend'ring thanks, at Mercy's seat,
With grateful heart for long-lost health restor'd ;
This Host of Britain's rising strength, with joy,
The Father of his People then beheld.

And here, too, did the Russian Autocrat,
With Prussia's King, their ready visit pay :
Delighted view'd—their hearty plaudits gave ;
For splendid Courts, or richest diadems,
With this Grand Spectacle cannot compare.

PHILANTHROPY.

Ponder, Philanthropists, o'er this display !
Think of its pow'ful voice to waken up
The soft vibrations of the human breast,
And of its tendency to bless the World.
“ Go, likewise do,” to Nations through the Globe,
With strong impressive emphasis, it speaks.

MENTOR.

Britons, rejoice ! your care felicitates
 The Young—their Angels speak your deeds of love
 Before their heav'nly Father's throne—for they
 His face continually behold—and your
 Recording Angel writes !

PHILANTHROPY.

Britons, adore !
 Your GOD beholds !!—Your GOD approves !!!

OBSERVER.

Excelling still, the parent BRITAIN shines ;
 For PIETY with LOVE her soul combines :
 See with what sacred zeal she glows !
 The BIBLE, *freely*, she bestows,
 Which to her Sons, in bright display,
 To future bliss directs their way.

MENTOR.

Which *England's Queen* *, in public sight,
 Enclasp'd, embrac'd, with high delight.

OBSERVER.

This was the treasure, this the *bosom friend*
 Of Britain's pious Monarch, GEORGE the Third ;
 Above his diadem his holy soul
 The precious Volume priz'd ; therein he found
 The path to pure and ceaseless joys (when joys
 On earth cessate)—to an immortal crown.

* Elizabeth.

MENTOR.

O, condescending GOD! transcendent kind!
Thus, in thy rich and overflowing love,
To pity Man!—to send thy heav'nly truth
To be his Polar Star, whereby to steer
To Heaven itself, and endless joys partake—
T'endue him with the typographic art,
To multiply, in numbers yet untold,
The transcript of thy Testaments of Love,
The grand, the glorious news, thy lips pronounced.

Divinely, then, to touch his heart with torch
Of gen'rous fire; and in his soul a flame
Of zealous Piety to lighten up—
Wide to diffuse the choice celestial gift.

OBSERVER.

See *British* valour crush the *Corsair* band—
Sweet Liberty to wretched captives hand!
Bold EXMOUTH's name, from coast to coast it flies!
His Nation's mercy upborne to the skies!
Thousands of grateful hearts rebound with joys,
While *Britain's* merit every tongue employs!

MENTOR.

Such noble deeds will still enrich the page
Of worth—and glory—of the GEORGIAN age.

OBSERVER.

Attentive mark her elevated mind!
 (High ton'd Philanthropy can't be confin'd,)
 Her national ally—her friend—her foe!
 Awake her soul to love, if sunk in woe;
 See *France*—see *Russian*—*German* lands,
 Partake the bounty of her hands!!
 Their cause she cherish'd, and their moans she heard;
Benevolence in fairest robes appear'd.—

A noble Donor—great as free—
 In France, she blest her enemy;
 Pris'ners of war, within her land distress'd,
 Received extended kindness, and were bless'd!

PHILANTHROPY.

Learning and Science, Britannia, are thine,
 In thee *Newtonian* souls resplendent shine;
 With brighter beams—we hail those *Howardine*. }

OBSERVER.

Wide doth the Philanthropic soul expand,
 And feels immur'd, confin'd in *Britain's* land;
 From distant shores it hears the mournful cries
 Of heathen millions supplicate the skies, }
 For Heav'n-taught lips to make them truly wise; }
 Then leaps its bound—and, rapid, wings its flight,
 To greet the rising dawn on realms of night!

Tunes its sweet note, in melody of youth,
And sings the strains of Wisdom, Love, and Truth.

Awakes the nations to attend,
And see a Boon from Heav'n descend—
The gift of their *Almighty* friend!—
The BIBLE drops!!!—millions behold,
In lines more precious far than gold!
And *Tongues their own*—the Will of GOD above;
Their great—their kind Creator's boundless love.

The happy, animated throng,
With high acclaim,
Unite to bless, in sacred song,
Th' Almighty's name;
And hail the dawning of Celestial day,
While *Philanthropic Britain* nobly leads the way.

O, glorious day! before unborn!
O, happy age!
That ne'er before did so adorn
Recording page;
When *Christ* shall o'er the world his sceptre sway;
And *Philanthropic Britain*—nobly leads the way.

Glory to GOD! repeat the sound
In highest strains;
Proclaim his praise the world around—
The *Saviour* reigns!!!

And Peace and Harmony their charms display,
For *Philanthropic Britain* nobly leads the way.

PHILANTHROPY.

Illustrious country—born to bless !
Tongue cannot thy worth express ! !

OBSERVER.

But stop not here—She stands so great,
We have not reach'd her climax yet !
As trees well water'd at the root,
In goodly soil, make gradual shoot,
And as they grow, increase in fruit—
So she majestic grown,—no noble end will miss,
Her *summum bonum* ever to diffuse new bliss ! !

PHILANTHROPY.

Sons of Earth, her fame recite,
Laureats the Ode indite ;
Sons of Earth, her honors tell,
To her praise the chorus swell.
Th' inspiring Ballad 'cross wide Ocean roll,
Reverberate the Theme from Pole to Pole.

*Enter EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, and AMERICA, who
unite in song.—PHILANTHROPY, OBSERVER,
and MENTOR joining in the Chorus.*

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA.

Britannia rose at Heaven's command,
With ardent flow of gen'rous fire—
Warm is her heart, and kind her hand,
To bless mankind her high desire.
Blessings she sends, with sails unfurl'd,
Her Philanthropic range—the *World*.

See her, array'd in Wisdom's Light,
Triumphant ride, on Mercy's wing;
To every clime, (rejoicing sight!)
Instruction and Improvement bring.
With wind and current, sails unfurl'd,
Her gifts diffuse throughout—the *World*.

With high commission from the skies,
Behold her more transcendent shine!
Blest with the Sacred Page, she flies,
And wide bestows the GIFT DIVINE;
Transmits the boon, with sails unfurl'd—
Sublimes, and jubilates—the *World*.

Her Children all partake her care,
They grateful speak her well-earn'd fame;
Her love the Nations largely share,
And num'rous millions hail her name;
Then waft her praise, with sails unfurl'd,
The bright Exemplar of—the *World*.

[*They retire.*

OBSERVER.

For thee, fair ALBION, Man his God adores,
 The seas are honor'd which surround thy shores ;
 Thy kind exploits from land to land they tell—
 Thine excellence—without its parallel.
 Thy portraiture adorns th' historian's page,
 While Poets Thee renown from age to age.

BENEVOLENCE.

This my supply is, choice and ample :
 This my Heroine—the World's example !!

PHILANTHROPY.

Benevolence abundant bliss imparts ;
 The Harvest-home of Philanthropic hearts.
 Of joys she sings—and purest pleasure,
 Delight she brings—and without measure ;
 A feast for Kings—is her rich treasure. }

MENTOR.

Enamour'd see her genial Arms extend !
 Man's sure—his kind—and never-failing friend ;
 What tuneful voice ! what animating smile !
 Which all the noblest pow'rs of man beguile ;
 Her breath is ever fragrancy divine,
 Such beauties in her lovely form combine,
 All language fails her model to define ! }

VIRTUE.

VIRTUE in turn appears ;—Behold !
Her worth's beyond the purest gold ;
In richest robes of honour drest,
Worthy to be by all carest ;
She comes, with her alluring suit,
To court the happy, glad salute ;
To man unfolds her every charm.

PHILANTHROPY.

May every Charm each bosom warm !—
Ye Sons of Men her presence greet ;
In Her true Dignity you'll meet :
See Beauty beaming on her Face !
And run to take a blest Embrace :
Hail the celestial Maid—divinely fair—
Her Heritage of Bliss, come, largely share.

MENTOR.

Virtue doth Mankind adorn,
As the rays the welcome morn ;
Beauteous, glorious doth she rise,
Greeted by propitious skies ;
Free from Malice, Envy, too,
Just and temperate, chaste and true ;
(Taught by Love and Truth divine,)
See Her—all Forgiveness, shine !—

PHILANTHROPY.

Virtue! diffuse thine influence round,
 And may thy fruits through earth abound;
 Let virtuous pairs train up a race
 To tread their steps, assume their place;
 In Wisdom's paths an offspring rear—
 Through life their yearning hearts to cheer,
 And when inurn'd, their portraitures appear!

}

MENTOR.

Great thought of HIM, from whom our being sprang!
 Whose care divine decreed connubial life;
 And in Benignity inspir'd the chaste,
 The tender sympathies of virtuous Love,
 Which draws affections soft uniting bands,
 And binds accordant minds—how dear the tie
 Of Self to Second Self!! Each meets in each
 The sacred friend, and soothes the others care:
 They ever mutual kindest council give;
 Each kindred bosom glows with joy,
 When beams of pleasure o'er its partner shine—
 Reciprocal they bless—and form one soul!!!

Nor is parental tenderness a gift
 Of lower birth—Magnetic Infant Smile!
 Alluring sovereign o'er the heart—Ruler,
 Whom parents willing own—and joyous crown;

And with their ready Suite of Providence,
Defence, and Care, stand waiting in thy Court,
As Ministers to execute thy Will.

Mild shower of Manna, bounteous from the skies,
Maternal Love ! (Ador'd be Heaven for this,
It's Catholic gift) which cherishes and trains
The tender growth of helpless infancy,
And lends a fost'ring arm through childhood's days ;
(See what perennial Sympathy is here !
Description fails !! A language yet unwrote,
And Mother's Pen the glowing Theme demands :
How truly, then, should Man the Woman prize !!!)
Then shoot the blooms of youth, while parents' care
Protect and domicile their welcome guest ;
To rear in health and form to ripen'd days :
And intellect, their offspring's nobler part,
They cultivate, with more abundant zeal,
To raise it's nobler fruit—a lovely sight !
Is Dulce Domum—man's best earthly joy !!

PHILANTHROPY.

Oh ! Heaven-born Wedlock ! Dictate celestial !
Given to man, through this life's wavy sea,
His track to pilot on, and to beguile
His hours in sweet Society and Love !!
Unblest are they who slight thy silken cords ;
But happy those enyok'd by Thee !

OBSERVER.

But, see, who comes the feast to crown !
 Man's lasting, true, his best renown,
 'Tis PIETY.

PHILANTHROPY.

O, welcome, Friend !
 The bliss thou bring'st will never end !!

PIETY.

The man with piety possest,
 Becomes on earth supremely blest !
 He can a trifling world exclude,
 And find repast in Solitude.
 'Tis there his thoughts find sweet employ ;
 He has no time to kill.
 The DEITY, his source of joy,
 His meditations fill :
 While all corroding care he soars above ;
 His *Magna Charta*—his Creator's Love.
 These sublime thoughts, aberrant thoughts controul,
 And prove the stedfast anchors of the soul.

MENTOR.

Retiring from the world, in solitude
 I muse, and call to mind my God is near—
 My constant, kind, Almighty friend—my all !

Transporting thought! With peerless blessing
fraught!

For with delight unspeakable it teems,
And the sweet solace of his company
My soul reposes on, and rests at ease :
His *sacred name*, by all be high rever'd,
By none prophan'd—and be my Will absorb'd
In *His*—and *Him*, through life to glorify,—
My choice repast.—

OBSERVER.

Assembling crowds their Piety display,
To DEITY their adorations pay,
Commemorating that auspicious day
On which the Christian's Lord arose,
 With sweet harmonious tongues,
 They hymn triumphant songs—
While every heart with rapture glows.

}

“ JESUS is risen from the dead!
“ The Christian's hope—the Christian's head:
“ He came, Mankind to seek and save;
“ Of life—the precious earnest gave—
“ Immortal life—beyond the grave.”

}

MENTOR.

Hail, weekly jubilee! remembrancer
Of *Christian Hope*, and index to a life

To come!! With joy the Just await the day,
 When base Corruption's form its head shall hide,
 And man—an *incorruptible* shall rise;
 When DEITY's last, noblest Work, in low
 Dishonour sown, shall bright in Glory bloom;
 Mortal give place to *immortality*—
 The tomb no more incarcerate; the grave
 No more inurn—DEATH make his final gasp!
 His Terrors cease!! and CHRIST the victory gain!!!

PIETY.

What sacred pleasure! what delectant joy!
 The hours of *public worship* give!!
 The soul's sublimest powers here find employ—
 In this great duty, let man live!!!

MENTOR.

To offer up my humble prayer,
 To join the choral hymns of praise,
 And grateful Hallelujahs raise,
 With heartfelt pleasure I'll repair,
 And meet my great CREATOR there:
 Behold his character, in beauty shine,
Wisdom and Power and Love then call HIM *mine*,
 Enjoy his heavenly rays, and view HIM ALL DIVINE!!!

PHILANTHROPY.

Thrice happy Men, who such true pleasures know;
'They sip the stream of Heavenly joy below.

MENTOR.

Nor hath it to the eye appear'd ;
Nor hath the ear of man e'er heard—
Or utmost stretch of human thought,
Unto the mind idea brought !
Of that full draught of Bliss, from sorrow free,
Of Bliss complete—through vast eternity !!!

PHILANTHROPY.

Let Man, PIETY admiring,
Seat it deep within his breast ;
And his heart, his God desiring,
Find a sweet—a solid rest.

Learning is a Mine of pleasure—
Men owe grateful thanks to *Art* ;
Science is a noble treasure—
Liberty exalts the heart.

Charity in blessings streams ;
Virtue ornaments the soul—
PIETY—*divinely* beams,
And her *Worth*—outweighs the whole.

OBSERVER.

These are the blessings Heaven gives—
These are the blessings Man receives.

MENTOR.

Who can Almighty goodness scan?
Admire his LOVE—to raise *the Man* ! ! !

PHILANTHROPY.

To DEITY let Gratitude ascend ;
Let Man his life in contemplation spend
On his Omnipotent, unchanging friend ;
And through each precious fleeting hour,
Devote to HIM his every Power !



END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE—*An Arbor in a Garden, abounding with
Aromatic Flowers.*

PHILANTHROPY, OBSERVER, and MENTOR, seated

MENTOR.

How delightful the bowers,
How fragrant the flowers !

PHILANTHROPY.

More fragrant, more delectant still,
Where Charity directs the Will ;
Where humane feeling rules the soul,
(Whose powers unite to soften grief,
To Sorrow's children yield relief ;)
Extending tender pity far,
Humanity—its polar star—
And wish to bless pervades the whole.

Amidst a world, oft full of strife,
Amidst the chequer'd scenes of life,

The sympathetic breast,
 Of love towards all possest,
 Will find a happy rest—
 A secret joy, that cannot be exprest.

Rich are its unfading treasures,
 Unalloy'd its sublime pleasures ;
 There calm repose will e'er abide,
 And Peace, celestial Peace, reside.

MENTOR.

Happy the Man! who self thus soars above,
 Whose soul is all absorb'd in love !!

OBSERVER.

Then when his earthly race is run,
 He sinks serene, a beauteous sun ;
 His hopes with firmness fix'd on high,
 Death can to Him no terrors bring :
 The Monster lets his arrow fly,
 It strikes—without a venom'd sting !
 Go see the *Philanthropic Howard* die !!!

On Death He smil'd, he knew the worth,
 Of fleeting Time, spent well on Earth.

MENTOR.

So did one dear to me his life thus spend,
 A pious, kind, and much lamented friend,

(No more our guest!) he's number'd with the dead!!
His great exemplar was—the Christian's HEAD :

And DEITY, his constant trust,
Who safe preserves the sacred dust,
Until it rises from the tomb,
To live in ever youthful bloom.

Attended by a mourning train,
His corpse mov'd slow along the plain ;
And o'er the precious bier,
'They shed the flowing tear ;
In silence did their loss deplore.
And when the solemn Rites were o'er,
Then did one silence break
And thus expressive spake :—

“ I knew the man—his soul was love,
“ Distress would make his bowels move—
“ To kind Compassion all alive ;
“ How would his heart with Joy revive,
“ If he could check the flowing Tear ;
“ The wounded, broken spirit cheer !
“ He would himself of good deny,
“ That he might other's wants supply !
“ He was the wretched culprit's friend
“ And did the prison-house attend,
“ The Malefactor's heart console ;
“ His ardent wish, to save the soul.

“ And when on Magistracy’s seat,
“ Then *Justice* did with *Mercy* meet.

“ I can but speak his well earn’t praise,
“ Towards those who’d seen more prosp’rous days ;
“ In secrecy his bounty flow’d,
“ Largely on them he gifts bestow’d ;
“ With eloquence his tongue would plead
“ The cause of those reduc’d to need.
“ Great was his soul ! he scattered bliss abroad ;
“ Beheld Mankind the offspring of his God.

“ He turn’d his views to Afric’s shore,
“ Where clouds of mental darkness low’r,
“ And join’d a chosen liberal band,
“ Who brought *the Negro* to this land,
“ (Britannia’s land, humane as brave,)
“ And British education gave.
“ They colony to *Leone* sent ;
“ (And Britain’s blessing with them went) ;
“ There mental light with useful art,
“ And honest Commerce to impart :
“ Embraced the *Ebon* race as *free*,
“ Proclaim’d Man’s birth-right—*Liberty* !”
No dye of skin impugns this right,
Or dims the powers of mental sight.

OBSERVER.

In triumph ride tyrannic conqu'rors on,
While their oppressed, vassal'd millions groan ;
Their savage deeds pollute th' Historian's page,
Who shudders while he pens their age ;
Unblest they die, accurs'd, abhorr'd,
The fiends of Earth, the foes of God ;
No earnest of a Heaven they have,
No hope of bliss, beyond the grave.

Not so the men of humane heart ;
They conquer self, to bliss impart,—
They live to bless ! they die to live !!
To them historic page will give
 A just renown ;
 Their mem'ries crown
With Rhetoric's flow'ry praise.

PHILANTHROPY.

These are the Heroes, generous minds admire ;
Then let their deeds the *Poet's* soul inspire !
 For richer far
 Than fab'lous story ;
 Than feats of war
 And martial glory,
 Their laurel's grace poetic lays.

MENTOR.

Philanthropy's a pleasing theme,
It gives the heart delight supreme;
A theme that welcome hails the ear,
A theme to human nature dear;
To it Handelian notes belong—
It's excellence demands the song.

DUET.

MENTOR AND OBSERVER.

Wake up the voice to Music's swell,
In notes of melody excel;
The Theme, sublime, in Concert tell—
Philanthropy.

Let Echo back to Echo bound,
Throughout the Earth's extensive round
Repeat the animating sound—
Philanthropy !

Grand was the thought that gave Thee birth,
To shower Felicity on Earth :
Thy Deeds, how kind ! how great thy worth,
Philanthropy !

What fill'd the Holy Saviour's mind,
Jesus, compassionate and kind,
The great Exemplar of mankind?

Philanthropy.

What is Man's noblest, best employ,
That gives his soul an inward joy,
Which nought on Earth can e'er destroy?

Philanthropy.

What is of Gifts a Gift the best,
Which makes Man bless, while he is bless'd;
Gives settled Calm around his breast?

Philanthropy.

What is it hates the Miser's hoard,
Diffuses widely bliss abroad,
And makes a Man resemble God?

Philanthropy.

What feeds the hungry—clothes the poor—
To Sickness—gratis hands the cure,
Is friend in need, and ever sure?

Philanthropy.

What doth relief to Prisoners send,
Towards them the hand of Mercy lend,
And proves the honest Debtor's friend?

Philanthropy.

And what doth Wisdom's Gifts bestow,
Makes Learning like a River flow,
And the fair flowers of Virtue grow ?

Philanthropy.

What sends the precious Bible wide,
Which bears to Men on flowing tide,
A Pearl that's worth all Gems beside ?

Philanthropy.

And what inspires the pious heart
Abroad to range, with ease to part,
The *Christian Doctrines* to impart ?

Philanthrôpy.

See *Britain* beam o'er gloomy night,
A glorious and a new-born light,
Appear in Radiance richly bright !

Philanthropy.

Behold her most resplendent shine !!!
What makes in her such worth combine,
And columns bear her name—benign ?

Philanthropy.

See *Brunswick's House*, illustrious born !
It radiant glows as Star of Morn !!
But what doth most that House adorn ?

Philanthropy.

With Acts benign it is replete :
What makes its humane *Princes* meet
In Mercy's Cause?— (while Britons greet)
Philanthropy.

What is it makes Britannia shew
Compassion towards a vanquish'd Foe—
O'er him her Shield of Mercy throw ?
Philanthropy.

The Sceptre bow'd—Decree was made—
Britain abjur'd the *Human Trade* !
Then King and Senators display'd
Philanthropy !

What made its Prince and People plead,
To root from Earth this noxious Weed ?
(" Great Cause!" they cried, " We take the lead.")
Philanthropy.

And what can give to Man his Claim—
Consume the odious Slavery's Name ?
The ardent, pure, *Britannic Flame*—
Philanthropy.

See British Sons (a generous Band !)
Unite as Friends to *Afric's* land,
T'improve its Lot—thus wide expand
Philanthropy.

A British Prince see leads the van,
 In this benign, this humane Plan—
 Form'd by Heaven's noblest Boon to Man,
Philanthropy.

What is that Course of Life will shed
 Comfort around a dying bed,
 Endear the Mem'ry of the Dead?
Philanthropy.

Rais'd from the Grave—on Judgment's Day,
 What Joy to hear the Saviour say,
 " Well done ! on Earth thou did'st display—
Philanthropy.

" Thou blessed of my Father, come,
 " Thou'rt welcome to thy heavenly home ;
 " Celestial Mansions make thine own,
 " Share with thy Saviour in his Throne."

PHILANTHROPY.

Who then would thirst for wealth ? but to bestow,
 Or but to bless, for Influence here below ?

MENTOR.

In Love's most beauteous garments let me shine,
 And be Philanthropy in radiance mine ;
 Mine, to meliorate the heart—
 Mine, with whom I ne'er shall part—

Mine, to comfort the distress—
Mine, to succour the oppress—
Mine, the wretch forlorn to save—
Mine, to liberate the slave—
Mine, my every day's employ—
Mine, my chiefest earthly joy—
Mine, to gain me true-born Fame—
Mine, to dignify my name—
Mine, for great and noble ends—
Mine, example to my friends—
Mine, my circle e'er to cheer—
Mine, to render mem'ry dear—
Mine, to shed delight abroad—
Mine, to make me like my God—
Mine, my days through life to smoothe—
Mine, my dying hour to soothe—
Mine, in all its fulness giv'n—
Mine, to lead me on to Heav'n—
Mine, for Heaven to prepare—
Mine, to gain my welcome there.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—*An extensive View.*

PHILANTHROPY, MENTOR, OBSERVER,
ANTICIPATOR,
EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, and AMERICA.

MENTOR.

With clear, serene, and cloudless sky,
Extensive view delights the eye.

PHILANTHROPY.

To shed extensive kindness o'er mankind,
Far more delights the Philanthropic mind ;
Which makes research throughout the spacious earth,
To find out place to give a blessing birth.

OBSERVER.

See in remote and populous lands,
Millions without instruction live ;
Where lacks associate in bands,
And unto idols worship give.

How sunk in Nature's rank are those
Who worship that their hands have made ;
What senseless minds do they disclose,
And through what mental mire they wade.

View self-devoted Indians lie,
Crush'd to death by Jaggernaut's wheel ;
And infants slain, or left to die,
By those who bosom hearts of steel.

Hear Ganges' flood repeat a tale—
(Can Sympathy forbear to weep ?
It's telling makes the cheek turn pale,)
Of children offer'd to it's deep.

See Superstition's madden'd height,
Plunging poor widows into flames ;
Appalling and terrific sight,
And deed the tongue with falt'ring names.

Oh ! Hindostan, thy mental state
Throws out a shade of darkest hue ;
Eye witnesses, with grief relate
The penance of the poor Hindoo.

Some tribes there are each other kill,
That they on human flesh may feast ;
Then greedily they take their fill,
Resembling thus the savage beast.

And parents bending towards the grave,
 Yet thought to wear out life too slow ;
 To death consigned ! (none kind to save)
 Th' unfeeling son, *he* strikes the blow !!

And subjects on decease of Kings,
 Are wanton sacrifices slain ;
 News which to polish'd nations brings
 A poignant agonizing pain.

And rarely hath there been a time,
 But what in one or other clime,
 Men with their kind became enrag'd,
 And hostile foes in wars engaged.

Millions of slain
 Have strew'd earth's plain ;
 And e'en the sea
 Hath not gone free.

But battle, with a stern command,
 Hath reign'd at sea as well as land ;
 And man with systematic plan,
 Impetuously to arms has ran,
 With callous soul hath slain his fellow man.

MENTOR.

War hath its myriads swept away—
 Hath whelm'd the earth with crimson flood ;
 What country's page but gives display,
 Distressing thought ! of scenes of blood.

Philanthropy then through the earth,
 Hath not to trace,
 To find out place,
 Wherein to give a blessing birth.

PHILANTHROPY.

Thus sighs the humane heart—
 Thus breathes the pious soul ;
 Fresh influence heaven impart,
 O'er all ; t'improve the whole,
 That man may no more walk in shame—
 No more disgrace his noble name ;
 O, for that welcome, long desired day,
 When the whole Earth shall DEITY obey,
 To him the ONLY GOD, their holy homage pay. }
 And true religions general spread—
 Make superstition hide its head ;
 When peace shall reign on every shore,
 And war's alarms be heard no more ;
 When men shall men no more assail,
 But love throughout the world prevail.

ANTICIPATOR.

Soaring o'er time, the wing of PROMISE flies,
 And beauteous scenes in bright expectance rise ;
 Wonder and joy in new-born views unfold,
 A paradise by Seers divine foretold ;
 Now hear th' inspir'd and soul-inspiring word,
 Proclaim'd by Heaven-taught prophets of the Lord.
 " The Lord, the Judge, the nations shall rebuke,

“ They shall their murd’rous swords to plough-
 shares beat ;
 “ To pruning-hooks their barbed spears : No more
 “ Shall nations ’gainst each other rise in arms,
 “ Or learn the warlike art.”

PHILANTHROPY.

Delightful thought !

ANTICIPATOR.

“ Then shall the rav’nous wolf lie down in peace,
 “ And fondle with the lamb ; where kids repose,
 “ The leopard seek his rest ; the cow and bear
 “ Together feed ; their friendly young shall form
 “ One mutual herd ; the King of beasts shall range
 “ The verdant mead, and there he, like the ox,
 “ In luxury shall feed ; in vig’rous strength,
 “ The young and lordly lion shall be led
 “ By smiling infancy ; around the holes
 “ Of Asps, shall Children without danger play ;
 “ For none shall hurt, nor aught shall e’er destroy,
 “ Throughout the spacious earth.”

PHILANTHROPY.

What happy change !!

ANTICIPATOR.

“ The knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth—
 “ As waters fill the sea.”

PHILANTHROPY.

O, heavenly day !!!

ANTICIPATOR.

Halcyon news to every clime,
Theme demanding loftiest rhyme.
With bold progressive step, a glorious age
Hastes on to grace the world's extensive stage :
Celestial era, worthy man's acclaim
And high resound of its resplendent name !
Then through the earth will monarchs fathers prove
'Their sceptre's sway, cement their people's love ;
Men shall then realise each other friend,
And this blest amity ne'er know an end ;
Sincerity, possessing ev'ry soul,
Mankind shall form one great fiducial whole ;
Friendship, their polar star, direct their way,
And catholic love be order of the day ;
Each morn shall beam with more enliv'ning rays,
Be greeted up with matin hymns of praise :
The sportive lambs more sportively shall play ;
Creation round appear throughout more gay ;
The birds attun'd with more harmonic throat,
Shall undulate the air with sweeter note.
The air shall fan with more salubrious breeze,
In more luxuriant growth appear the trees,
With livelier verdure their enrobing leaves ;
While Plenty weightier fills the bounteous sheaves ;
The flowers with still more brilliant tints shall blow ;
In softer murmur will the riv'lets flow ;

In prouder stream the noble rivers glide ;
 In grander influx rise the swelling tide.
 Majestic Ocean all serene shall wave,
 Disdain by Tempest to be held a slave !
 Each eve be spent in cheerful grateful song,
 And time by none shall e'er be thought too long !

Angels will then descend to visit Earth,
 To hail this æra of illustrious birth !
 Angelic eyes will banquet on the sight—
 Seraphic minds will wake to new delight :
 Charm'd they'll re-wing their flight to Heaven—and
 then

They'll carol “ Paradise on Earth again.”
 Then will each bard more tuneful sweep his lyre,
 His soul be warm'd with new poetic fire,
 His brightest thoughts in happiest concert meet,
 His beatific ode, his lyral treat,
 Felicity throughout the world complete !
 In glowing strains he'll paint that splendid age,
 Sweet lays of hallelujahs grace his page :
 Blest to proclaim the golden theme abroad,
 And be the humble Laureat of his God.

MENTOR.

Such bliss foretold : blessings, thus rich in store,
 Invite the mind attentive to explore
 The sacred page, and there prospective view
 A world in joy—a world by GOD made new !

Blest harmony ! embracing every land !
In nobler rank Heaven's noblest work will stand.
To things by GOD reveal'd let all attend,
And reverend ear unto his prophets lend :
Let none impugn proclaim'd prophetic word ;
In prescience be the DEITY ador'd ;
Of Tyre did HE predict its marv'ulous fate—
In wonder now behold its present state—
That mart of nations' pomp, and pride of sea.
His *word* declared, a barren rock should be,
That crowning city, rich and tow'ring high,
Should on its scite have nets spread out to dry.
Mark how prediction and event have met,
For Tyre's no more—there fishers dry the net !
“ Great *Babylon* of proud and peerless sway,
By sure destruction shall be swept away.”
Though matchless once, no man can now be found
With truth to ascertain fam'd Babylon's ground.

Messiah's words attend—the *Jews* behold
How true the great events which *He* foretold !
“ My doctrine shall prevail !” the Saviour said ;
With triumph see the glorious gospel's spread !
The words of *sacred promise* waiting stand,
Treasures of heavenly store, in time to hand,
Firm the decree of HIM the HOLY ONE.
JEHOVAH speaks—in his great mind—'tis done—
Heart cheering thought (blessings though not possess),
To antedate mankind shall thus be blest .

From every ill thus meet a sweet release,
Enjoy a constant universal peace.

PHILANTHROPY..

O, heaven-born peace ! sweet captivating maid,
With purest innocence adorned ; my true,
My best beloved friend, whose lovely hand
Presents an odoriferous, blooming rose,
Without a wounding thorn ; thy gracious boon
I with delighted heart accept, to place
Upon my breast, and copiously inhale
Its fragrance rich—thy animating voice
Is sweetest melody ! Of social life
Thou art the sov'reign solacer ! The soul's
True consolation. And to parental hearts
A soothing calm.—Thy presence stimulates
To industry, to literature and art,
To friendship and to love. In thee we hail
An ever welcome, smiling guest ; a gift
Divine !!

Most welcome, too, when ne'er to part,
For then shall trumpet sound no more for war,
Or men array'd for battle then appear ;
The levell'd felling musket no more kill,
Nor roaring cannon sweep the field ; nor sword,
Nor murd'rous bayonet slay. The neighing steed,
With rider arm'd with scymeter or lance,
No more shall rush to make the slaughtering charge.

The flaming rocket shall ne'er more destroy ;
 Terrific bomb no longer burst in rage,
 Tremendous mines no more shall spring ; nor shall
 The awful flames of burning towns ascend,
 And chaos reign in shrieks and groans, and death,
 Nor will the fleeting arrow waft through air
 To give a deadly wound. Or savage hand
 Uplift the tomahawk the scalp to strip :
 Pirates shall then no more infest the seas,
 Nor floating castle thund'ring broadside pour,
 To instantaneously inhume mankind,
 By hundreds, in untimely watery grave.

ANTICIPATOR.

Evils shall all be done away,
 In that new-born, that happy day
 Which sacred promises pourtray.

}

PHILANTHROPY.

Haste then ; O, haste, thou ling'ring Time,
 Unfold these happy scenes to light,
 With longing waits earth's every clime,
 To hail this Eden of delight !

OBSERVER.

Fair is the prospect (how divine !)
 Brighter and brighter doth it shine,
Britannia, see, of generous mind,
 Stand forth the blesser of mankind,

She's not content with patrimonial field,
But thirsts to gain a more abundant yield ;
To right of common boldly lays her claim,
The common of the world to join her aim ;
Her love to sow through its extensive roam,
In hope of philanthropic harvest home ;
Wide as the earth, her wish she longs to crown,
And form monopoly of proud renown.

In grand array,
And rich display,

See great Britannia speed her way,
Attir'd in wisdom's splendid robe,
Behold the beauty of the globe ;
See Freedom's wreath entwine her brow,
With all its gems in ardent glow.
Promise from Heaven supports her right,
And Hope her left (delightful sight !)
The *Bible's* borne within her hand,
Her gift of love to every land ;
With dignity her head she rears,
While thus to men **THE BOOK** she bears ;
Science, religion, each strew flowers ;
Art, too, assists, with num'rous powers ;
Her banner see exalted and unfurl'd,
The admiration of a gazing world ;
Thereon inscrib'd by lovely mercy's pen,
" Intelligence and happiness to men."
A choral band precedes her steps along,
And carol thus in their enliv'ning song :—

“ Britannia blest by kind propitious skies,
“ With science, liberty, and art,
“ And with religion (precious peerless prize !)
“ She longs these blessings to impart.

“ And to give birth,
“ With large increase
“ Throughout the earth
“ To truth and peace.”

“ From pole to pole doth she her greeting send,
“ Enclasp each clime, and cries, behold your friend.”
Dumb idols from her presence skulk away,
And heathen night gives place to christian day.
(O, glorious day ! day ne’er beheld so fair)
While shouts from South Sea Islands rend the air ;
What grand acclaim ! What rapture doth it give,
Hark ! hear devoted children lisp, “ *We live.*”

MENTOR.

Britain all glory give to God !

OBSERVER.

’Tis thine to spread his truth abroad,—
In concert British Christians meet,
(To pious souls an odour sweet !)
They form their Philanthropic bands,
T’ instruct and bless t’ heathen lands ;
All obstacles they soar above,
(What rich o’erflow of Christian love !)

With transport then behold the noble zeal
Of those who for benighted heathens feel ;
Who home and comforts leave, all dangers brave,
To shed the light divine, which souls will save ;
Reclaiming them from prayer to wood and stone,
To worship DEITY and Him alone ;
Preaching in those drear regions round
Messiah's gospel (joyful sound).
Him GOD's *Anointed* they proclaim,
Publish salvation in his name ;
Prov'd by the miracles he wrought,
And by the doctrines which he taught.
In Him they glory as their head,
Affirm him risen from the dead :
Through *Him* declare that resurrection morn,
When man to life immortal shall be born.

MENTOR.

Repeat through East and West, from North to
South,
The heavenly truths which issued from his mouth.
None like him spake—'twas wisdom from above,
Replete with purest virtue, peace, and love !
Then what a lovely sight
Is his example fair,
In rich resplendence bright,
And that without compare.

Example worthy to be spread abroad!
Example of the well-belov'd of God!!!
Of pious, patient, and of humble mind,
Of will unto the will of God resign'd,
Of feeling soul, that yearn'd o'er human woe;
Of every virtue, in its richest glow:
Where heavenly Innocence in beauty streams,
And where Forgiveness, in its zenith, beams;
Where Excellence appears in golden lines;
And pure Philanthropy in glory shines.

This portrait, then, through heathen lands display,
Allure thereby whole nations to obey;
Thus gain to Virtue friends who ne'er shall part,
And fill with joy the meek recipient heart.
So will you shed true bliss, without alloy.
What blest instruction! what divine employ!

The glorious Gospel, by Messiah taught, "
Hath excellence beyond a seraph's thought!
Its value's more than angel's tongue can tell!!
'Tis gift of God—of worth unspeakable*!!!

OBSERVER.

Britannia, love tow'ards man possessing,
Thus richly she diffuses blessing.

2 Cor. chap. 9. verse 15.

PHILANTHROPY.

Friend of the world—mankind caress thee—
 Blessor of man—may Heaven bless thee—
 In wish benign—'tis love that moves thee—
 Mercy's bright gem—thy God approves thee!!

OBSERVER.

Nor is the noble soul to place confin'd ;
 Can spot engross the philanthropic mind ?
 The *Western States* of Albion's stock, behold,
 Are cast in Britain's philanthropic mould !
 Like Britons, they to bless mankind desire,
 And, in their sphere, t' improve the world aspire, !
 With ardour they Instruction shed abroad,
 And hand to man the precious Word of God.

PHILANTHROPY.

Long may these sons of generous Britain's race
 With Britain live in undisturb'd embrace !!
 Large is the sphere of mercy they possess ;
 May Heaven their philanthropic efforts bless !!

OBSERVER.

To Alexander now attentive look ;
 See him with joy diffuse the *Holy Book* ;
 Behold, the BIBLE, foster'd by his hand,
 Celestial riches spreads through Russian land ;

His people now, with gratitude, explore
That sacred mine, Rome's bulls obstruct no more !
Instruction's rays there emanate to bless
Those regions, ages past a wilderness ;
There Truth o'er Superstition wide prevails ;
What bliss that pious potentate entails !

PHILANTHROPY.

Inspiring theme !—'twill loftiest notes employ,
While nations 'neath his sceptre shout for joy :
A seed is sown, by Alexander's hands,
To bless extensive, uninstructed lands.
Servant of God ! rich blessings gem thy crown ;
Thy God commends, man echoes thy renown.
Wise Autocrat ! thy people's truest friend,
O may prosperity thy steps attend ;
And Providence thy valued reign prolong,
While men thy deeds rehearse in grateful song !
Thy worth will Hist'ry's brilliant page proclaim,
And ages yet to come bless Alexander's name !

ANTICIPATOR.

Nations, rejoice ! the God who rules above,
Whose reign is boundless power, and glory love,
“ As waters fill the spacious sea,” hath will'd,
“ The earth shall be with his own knowledge
fill'd.”

MENTOR.

The God of promise claims our praise !
 Let earth's united millions raise
 Their choral grateful song !
 In rapt'rous concert let them join,
 And peal to heaven their hymn divine,
 In one assembled throng !
 And let each portion of the globe,
 Array'd in Hope's resplendent robe,
 The pleasing prospects hail !
 Daily th' enlivening theme renew ;
 The happiness foretold is true,
 By *word* which cannot fail !!

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, and AMERICA,
(in Chorus.)

Glory to God who reigns above !
 Of earth the friend ;
 In showers descend
 The gifts of his o'erflowing love.
 Arise ! let every soul rejoice ;
 Let every tongue awake in voice,
 In grateful tuneful choir proclaim
 His glorious and inspiring name !!

His promise tells transporting tale,
 Delight shall through the world prevail,

And lasting Peace assume her reign,
With richest blessings in her train.

We chaunt a theme

Of bliss supreme :

Tranquillity, of heavenly birth,
Diffusing joys throughout the earth :
Such prospects all our souls inspire !
Such hope will string the poet's lyre !

EUROPE.

Enlighten'd *Europe*, taught by Truth divine,
Will hail unfading Peace, (O sound benign !)
That age replete with friendship and delight ;
Science will then behold still rising Light ;
Religion pure unveil her lovely face,
Its nations all receive her blest embrace :
Nor will the DEITY, on men below,
In paucity these welcome gifts bestow :
Such bliss (heaven-born) for man, his tend'rest care,
The pop'lous world will all in affluence share.

ASIA.

O fairest scene of bliss, by Heaven foretold,
No imag'ry thy beauties can unfold ;
Nor Eastern Mind wake up that luminous trope,
Expressive of thine excellence, in hope ;
Nor Ingenuity throw out the tint,
Nor Chinese skill the splendid die imprint,

To give idea of th' inspiring joy ;
The rapture that will Orient tongues employ :
Asia its Great Creator will adore,
Its Lacks to idols' homage pay no more ;
Then through vast Southern Sea, on every isle,
Benign Christianity will sweetly smile ;
And Austral Asia, blest by heavenly rays,
In triumph join t' acclaim th' Almighty's praise.

AFRICA.

Let *Afric's* now untutor'd land
Look up for blessings Heaven will hand ;
 Its Ebon Race take rank like men ;
Its Herschels, great in science, rise,
Exploring vast antartic skies,
 And new sideral records pen :

Knowledge shall bear extensive sway,
While Arts appear in rich display ;
 Linnæan Sons new fields explore,
And Chemistry new worlds unfold
Of precious treasures yet untold ;
 And Science large increase its store.

Then *Afric's* race will rise in mind,
To dignity among mankind,
 And Freedom will its standard rear ;

Then Christian Truth will beam around,
Virtue and friendship will abound,
And all its race will God revere.

AMERICA.

America, behold ! in rising youth,
Aspires to virile Liberty and Truth ;
For every art and science puts in claim,
Inspir'd by Wisdom's high ennobling name.
There shall mankind no longer savage roam,
But prize a civilis'd and peaceful home ;
And Christianity its arms expand,
T' embrace the whole of vast Columbian land ;
Grand, like its rivers in their peerless flow,
Instruction pour, and all the Great Supreme shall
know.

CHORUS.

Such bliss the sacred Promises express,
And thus the world the DEITY will bless.
How excellent thy name, O Lord !
By heavenly prophets taught ;
How gracious thy prophetic word !
How big with blessings fraught !
The millions of the populous earth,
To whom thy powerful hand gave birth,
With joy unite in concert sweet,

In holy harmony,
 Great God, to sing of Thee;
 Thy love supreme,
 (Delightful theme!)
 Our anthem fills;
 Let rocks and hills,
 Let Alps, and Andes, loud the sound repeat!

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, and AMERICA, retire.

PHILANTHROPY.

Expectant of this jubilating day,
 Britain! thy bright example full display!
 Let thy kind energy be all alert,
 Thy philanthropic arm itself exert
 In every generous plan;
 Nor tire, nor for a moment pause;
 But prosecute the noble cause—
 The happiness of man.

OBSERVER.

See Albion's sister shore, *Hibernia's* isle,
 Where Hospitality doth ever smile:
 She boasts her martial heroes true and brave,
 Her sister island to defend and save;
 She towers on high, amid the isles of earth,
 For she gave valiant *Wellington* his birth:
 But long, alas! there Ignorance hath reign'd,
 And thousands its despotic arm enchain'd!

MENTOR.

There for rich harvest let Britannia look,
Wide shed Instruction—wide the *Heav'nly Book*;
Thus Erin's land both wise and pious make,
And Ignorance's hateful fetters break :
So will she bless that hospitable shore ;
True Light shall beam, while Mind's enslav'd no
more.

OBSERVER.

The sacred Promises such bliss portend ;
Philanthropy ! thy reign must wide extend.

PHILANTHROPY.

To the whole earth for empire I lay claim,
To make the spacious world a Heaven, I aim.

OBSERVER.

Most noble aim, Philanthropy !—'Tis thine
To make the claim ; th' idea is divine !
Mark how Britannia shines the world to cheer,
And, sun-like, climbs in merciful career !

PHILANTHROPY.

Grant, gracious Heaven, that my rejoicing eyes
May see my heroine to her zenith rise !!

*At a distance, are seen a Male and Female Negro,
leading their two Children.*

OBSERVER.

Negroes, from yonder hill, descend.

PHILANTHROPY.

Receive them—I'm to all a friend.

*They arrive, and each in chains. The Male Negro
falls on his knees before PHILANTHROPY.*

MALE NEGRO.

Philanthropy! of heart benign,
Where tend'rest pity reigns,
Man is thy charge, compassion thine;
Look on these galling chains.

From distant isle in western sea,
Opprest with bitt'rest woes,
Kind friend of man! I come to thee,
My sorrows to disclose.

Behold a Man! I view the ocean grand,
The num'rous wond'rous works of God on land;
Range through the heavens, admire their glory
bright,
And, thoughtful, ponder on the sparkling sight;

A father kind I to mine offspring prove,
My second self most faithfully I love ;
Man is my name, and yet I'm doom'd to chains,
To irksome toil, and oft to bitter pains ;
At times fed scantily, curtail'd of sleep ;
And, life thus daily spent, I nought but weep ;
My birthright, Freedom's gone, I sigh, I groan ;
Another long has claim'd me *as his own* ;
Nor doth my master ev'n the female save,
He gives us each th' opprobrious name of *slave* ;
And yet the heavenly Christian name's his boast ;
With him 'tis only name, its spirit's lost !
Its law divine, descending from above,
Is, " As thyself thy neighbour thou shalt love,"
And, " As thou wouldst should unto thee be done,
" Thus shall thy conduct be towards every one."
'Twas Lip of Truth these precepts did impart,
These Christian laws—appealing to the heart !!

OBSERVER.

But there are masters who are humane born,
And mercy doth their characters adorn.

MALE NEGRO.

Yet Man enchain'd, although his chains are light,
Is Man a Slave, and robb'd of heaven-born right ;
Then think what heavy chains are those that bind,
Where masters are of harden'd, cruel mind !

FEMALE NEGRO,

(In agony, looking on her Children.)

Nurs'd at my breast, my children dear!
 What misery 's yours! what trembling fear!
 In joy your heads you ne'er can raise;
 In slavery you'll spend your days!!

(Looking up to PHILANTHROPY.)

O sweet Philanthropy! come kindly tell
 Where an emancipating friend doth dwell,
 That will the negro's on'rous care dispel.

}

PHILANTHROPY.

Britannia is a gen'rous friend,
 A friend of known, well-earn'd, renown;
 She lives, she acts for noble end,
 And Freedom is her splendid crown.

To dry th' oppressed captive's tears,
 Her floating castles cross'd the main;
 Behold! she triumph'd at *Algiers*,
 And there she broke proud Slavery's chain!

Haste to her presence, seek her aid,
 For she 's th' Exemplar of the earth;
 In Mercy's roll her love 's pourtray'd;
 'Tis hers to give a blessing birth!!

MALE NEGRO.

Yet 'tis in British land we live in chains,
In part of Great Britannia's wide domains ;
On British ground our hapless lot we rue ;
Alas ! the anti-British tale's too true.

PHILANTHROPY.

Britannia, rais'd by Heaven, mankind to cheer,
Your tale of griefs, unmov'd, she cannot hear ;
She will with you in your hard lot condole,
Your piteous lot, which chills a British soul.
Can she, whose worth from pole to pole is told,
From you your precious birthright long withhold ?
Can she, who joys to blot out human woe,
In this enlighten'd, philanthropic day,
(Of Mercy's boast) to mammit delay ?
Religion, her attending angel, answers—No.

Britannia ! then arise and shine !
Burst into radiance all benign !!
(You're just, you're kind, as well as brave) :
Let Wisdom, Mercy, both unite,
('Tis in their works that you delight),
To liberate the *British slave* !!!

Where'er the British sceptre sways,
Let Britain's name resound in praise,
And Freedom's glorious banner wave !

There be dispens'd its equal laws ;
Let Liberty meet full applause !
(How harsh the sound—a *British slave !!!*)

Shall *Exmouth's* name resound from shore to shore,
And Britons boast heroic deed, which burst
The Corsair's dungeon doors, where *Europe's* sons
Lay bound in ignominious chains, and led
Rejoicing thousands out to Liberty—
Shall this proud deed expire, be lost on Man ?
Shall Britain stretch its generous, potent arm,
To save from foreign conquest, by an hostile foe,
Its occidental isles ? shall History's page
With *Rodney's* valiant, valued exploit blaze,
And Britons glory in those isles preserv'd—
And, in those isles preserv'd, shall *Slavery*,
That stains th'ennobled, tow'ring British name,
Be longer kept entail'd ? shall those who raise,
With heartfelt tones, the high inspiring song,
“ Britons never will be slaves,” be silent
In the oppressed Negro's cause ? shall ware
And property continue to be made,
And sale take place, of those whose equal right
It is to say to every fellow man on earth,
“ I'm offspring of the all-creating God
“ With thee ?” Shall *Christianity* appeal,
And high-taught Britain's sons heart-frozen be ?

Avaunt the thought! Is not the slave a *Man*,
God's noblest work? Does not the Negro bear
The stamp of Man? th' impress of the Deity?
Canst thou boast more, assuming polish'd White?
In ages past, in Rome's Augustian days,
Did Britons higher stand, in mental rank,
Than Nineteenth-Century Ethiopia's sons?

Vile Slavery! heart-sinking, doleful name,
Thou fell destroyer of the dearest right
That Nature gave to man—thou art abhorr'd
By every *British* soul.—Thou odious fiend,
Cease thy infernal sway o'er lands that claim
Protection 'neath Britannia's shelt'ring wing;
Perish from Britons' sight, nor let thy harsh,
Ungracious sound grate longer on their ears!
Thou hideous Boa—thou foulest pest, begone!
The deep-researching *Johnson* did not find
A term of sombre, turpitud'nous hue,
Thy base demerit fully to depict!!!

MENTOR.

Of creatures here, Man stands the most renown'd,
By DEITY with dignity is crown'd,
And title to his rank may ever claim;
The title *Man* should ne'er be only name:
True glory 'tis to plead the injur'd's cause,
To claim for ALL Equality of Laws;

For him, adorn'd with honor's splendid robe ;
For him, who ranks the humblest on the globe ;
For men of wealth, for those with wealth unfraught ;
For Wisdom's soaring sons, for those untaught ;
For men of each complexion on the earth ;
(In every clime 'twas Heaven that gave them birth):
In every clime a tender heart we find,
A tender heart, th' adornment of mankind.

Of Negro's love, with gratitude, I'll boast,
Of friendship shewn on sultry *Afric's* coast.
In days gone by, direct for *China* bound,
With fav'ring breeze I left dear Britain's ground ;
The ship made way, with wind and weather fair,
With daily sunshine, and salubrious air.
Arriv'd near *Afric's* shore, the scene was chang'd,
A storm came on, and Nature seem'd derang'd ;
('Twas most tremendous gale)—with dreadful blaze
The lightning swept the deck ; with trembling gaze
Our crew, appal'd, beheld—then thunders roll'd
Above, with awe, terrific awe, untold ;
By Alpine waves our wind-driv'n ship was toss'd,
And all on board gave up themselves as lost ;
To Heaven each look'd, thence mercy to implore ;
By one impetuous blast she ran on shore,
Became a wreck—but all Heaven's pity shar'd,
Each swam to land, and every life was spar'd.

An Ebon group, possessing feeling hearts
For suffering fellow-man, the scene beheld ;
With hasty steps approach'd, to hand relief ;
With unremitting zeal, for months our cares
They sooth'd—our wants supplied—our homes
secur'd :

Yet oft blest Albion's land—its much-lov'd shore—
Our natal spot—our hearth—our families—
Our long-left friends, would flit before our eyes,
And raise the strong desire again to join
With all we held most dear, upon that soil
Where infant years were spent ; and tow'rd's the
sea

We daily gave the anxious look, in hope
To witness, rising from the vast expanse,
The long-desired sail : Each look'd in turn :
At length, as on the topmost height we stood,
A vessel, gliding o'er the waves, we spied—
The British jack in frolic with the wind.
Our sparkling eyes dwelt on the sight : England,
And home, rush'd on the mind ; wives, offspring,
friends,
With all their fond endearments, fill'd the soul.
We hail'd ; they shorten'd sail, sent out their
launch,
And offer'd passage to our native land.
We all then safe embark'd ; but could not part
With Ebon friends of Mercy's suite, to us

Endear'd by every kindness they could shew,
Or boon could give, without the parting sigh ;
From every eye gush'd forth the briny tear ;
With gratitude our breasts were warm'd, and theirs
With sympathising love. Our sails re-set,
We now re-cross'd the main for Britain's coast :
Arriv'd, our Ebon friends, far out of sight,
Were yet not out of mind : its casket cas'd
Their names ; their tenderness was there engrav'd :
Such kindness, and without self-int'rest shewn,
Could never be effac'd : where'er we came,
The burden of our tale was Negroes' love ;
That varied tint of skin effects no change
In man's resemblance of his God.

I'll e'er pursue the Negroes' weal ;
Nor, in pursuing, stop to rest ;
Their ev'ry wound I'll strive to heal,
And I'll defend them when oppress.

Through life my steady aim shall be
To shield them safe from every harm ;
And, when enchain'd, to set them free,
And paralyze th' oppressor's arm.

All-seeing Heaven beholds their grief,
It lies pourtray'd beneath its view ;
All-gracious Heaven can hand relief,
Its mercies they are ever new.

*The Negroes and their Children, kneeling, and
looking up to heaven, join in concert.*

Offspring of THEE, Creating Power !

Parent and Lord of all !

With glory 'midst thy creatures crown'd * ;

On THEE we suppliant call.

Behold us, LORD ! enchain'd, oppress,

Our birthright from us torn ;

The iron pierces to the soul † ;

Our direful lot we mourn.

From THEE the richest blessings flow,

All-mighty 's thy command !

Britain incline o'er us to beam

The glory of its land.

And may a gladd'ning, bliss-fraught gale

Waft from kind Albion's shore

The heaven-approving, just decree—

“ That Slavery 's no more ! ”

OBSERVER.

Since Brunswick's House ascended Britain's throne,

New rays of glory thence have effluent shone ;

The brightest Mercy—Oh ! 'tis a charming theme,

The exhibitions of this splendid beam !

* Psalm 8, ver. 5.

† Psalter, Psalm 105, ver. 18.

Yes! 'tis an all-delighting tale to tell,
 And on this splendid beam I love to dwell :
 Behold Britannia's high-born Nobles, kind,
 Britannia's Senators, of humane mind,
 Her People, all to Mercy's works inclin'd.

See, through her land,
 When Sorrow sighs,
 When Misery cries,
 Relief at hand.

If Grief's beheld, in any form or dress,
 Their high delight, their study, is to bless!
 How oft have they woke up at Woe's appeal,
 In philanthropic concert ris'n to heal!
 Nought can career of Britain's love control,
 Philanthropy pervades the British soul.

PHILANTHROPY.

O Britain! blest with heav'n-born joy in blessing,
 How can I ever cease from thee caressing?
 How oft I will—and Britons with me will it—
 How oft I wish—and Britons they fulfil it—
 To me look up, as Judge of what is fit!

Then I'll give scope
 To happiest hope
 That Britons will
 This wish fulfil,

And, by *a wise gradation*, manumit.

The Negroes, in Song.

Oh! how happy we shall be
In West-Indian jubilee,
When poor Negroes are set free!

}

We shall labour then with joy,
Feel a pleasure in employ;
Masters will be better pleas'd,
While our sorrows will be eas'd;
Negroes smile on masters then,
Masters they will smile again;
Of Britain's love we then shall sing,
And with the theme the air will ring;
Of its goodness we shall talk,
While we rest, and as we walk.

Oh! how happy we shall be
In West-Indian jubilee,
When poor Negroes are set free!

}

MENTOR.

When Britain this Britannic deed hath done,
Britain and *Love* all will proclaim as *one*;
Still more majestic will Britannia rise,
Her worth resound throughout the echoing skies;
And her example, beaming now so bright,
Will yet with higher lustre strike the sight.

PHILANTHROPY.

Kind Power above ! then let this bliss be mine,)
 Inspir'd by Christian truth, humane, divine,)
 To see my Britain now thus splendid shine !)
 Britain belov'd will yet be dearer friend,)
 Richer celestial dew on her descend,)
 And my all-blissful empire more extend.)

MALE NEGRO.

We now retire, Philanthropy ;)
 And, hopeful, leave our cause with thee ;)
 With Britain thou our advocate shalt be.)

PHILANTHROPY.

With all my pathos I will plead
 Till you from slavery are freed.

MALE NEGRO.

Plead then, O plead with all your suasive powers,
 Till heav'n-born, precious liberty is ours ;
 Ours—to cheer us all our days ;
 Ours—to fill our souls with praise ;
 Ours—to feel our lives a pleasure ;
 Ours—on earth our choicest treasure ;
 Ours—our labours to beguile ;
 Ours—to make our offspring smile ;
 Ours—the Negro's mind t' improve ;
 Ours—to fill his soul with love ;

Ours—t' endear the Bible more ;
Ours—to prize its sacred store ;
Ours—t' admire the Christian laws ;
Ours—to love the Christian cause ;
Ours—to sweeten Christian truth ;
Ours—t' endear it to our youth ;
Ours—that planters God may bless ;
Ours—to give them large success ;
Ours—to raise Britannia's fame ;
Ours—to make us hail her name ;
To add a gem of bright renown,
New splendour to the British Crown.

The Negroes retire.

PHILANTHROPY.

Oh ! could I from the earth remove
Whate'er impedes the march of Love !

ANTICIPATOR.

Arise, Philanthropy ! in lively faith arise,
And, with delight, lift up expecting eyes ;
See Time on wings bring on that age of weal
Which every woe on earth will surely heal ;
And know that nought can stay
The promis'd happy day ;
For, 'midst the mass of human ill,
JEHOVAH works his own all-gracious Will.

Fierce war in billows rag'd, with foaming surge,
 And Europe groaning lay beneath its scourge;
 Its sons bewail'd, its feeling daughters wept;
 The sword was drawn—and cannons roar'd—
 Which widely desolation pour'd
 In swelling crimson flood;
 And mounts and vales,
 And hills and dales,
 And capes and bays, were stain'd with blood;
 For Peace had fled, and solemn fast was kept.
 The philanthropic eye beheld with grief,
 And Pity swoon'd—she could not hand relief.
 Th' ALMIGHTY spoke—proclaim'd around,
 “ Peace shall revisit Europe's ground.”
 (What blissful news! what joyful sound!)
 Attentive Peace, with cheering ray,
 His blest command did prompt obey:
 The sword was sheath'd—the cannons ceas'd to
 roar—
 Blest Concord reign'd—and War appall'd no more.
 Then Kings and People join'd 'to raise
 To GOD their choral hymn of praise;
 'Twas HE whose word made Discord cease,
 And gave from War the glad release—
 HE rides upon th' impetuous storm,
 And all his pleasure will perform;
 His ways, all-wise, but oft not understood,
 Are ever bringing forth abounding good.

A heavenly hand
To Britain's land
The humane Alexander leads !
There to behold th' inspiring sight,
Britannia's philanthropic deeds :
Charm'd with the scene, he left the British shore,
T' achieve his wish (his soul's delight)
To bless Muscovian lands with sacred Wisdom's
store.

See Liberty's refreshing showers
Descend to rear its valued flowers,
In different plots of Europe's ground :
(What precious flowers, where'er they're found !)
Philanthropists, look up with joy,
Let scenes to come your thoughts employ !
Believe the Promise of the LORD,
Rest on his sure Prophetic Word ;
Await the day when, in his richest dress,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise, the world to
bless.

PHILANTHROPY.

Then shall the heavenly Herald be obey'd,
Who, from the skies, the proclamation made,
“ That I should fill a high imperial throne,
“ And make th' extensive pop'lous world my
own.”

(Blessing to men! Decree of Love Divine!!)
 The earth, with all its millions, will be mine!!!
 Its millions catch the philanthropic fire,
 And that of blessing millions be their chief desire.

MENTOR.

Philanthropy, all hail! the world's thine own!!
 Thou hast, in antedated joy sublime,
 All that thy great and gen'rous soul can wish!

PHILANTHROPY.

The humane heart yearns o'er a world to come;
 The solemn trump will sound—the dead will rise—
 And numbers bear their doom, “Depart”—the
 thought
 With sorrow fills the philanthropic breast.

MENTOR.

Yet cherish hope! and hope that's firmly fix'd,
 That's anchor'd on *the Sacred Word*—that Word
 Makes known *th' unchanging God*—that Word
 reveals
 That “*God is Love**.”

ANTICIPATOR.

That Word proclaims a day
 In which JEHOVAH “will make all things new;”
 Will wipe the flowing tear from every eye;

* 1st Epistle of John, chap. 4, ver. 16.

When Sorrow shall no more the breast assail,
 When Sin (and Pain, its "consequent and cure")
 Shall ever cease; that glorious day when *Death*,
 And ev'n *the second Death*, shall be no more.

Then "shall JEHOVAH in his works rejoice,"
 And his high praises wake up every voice;
 His boundless Love will every tongue employ,
 And fill the universe with boundless joy;
 Then will that Love with richest blessings teem,
 Brighter and brighter will its glories beam;
 Its dazzling splendour will increasing rise,
 Allure and captivate Man's wond'ring eyes;
 Delight, as yet unthought of, will impart
 To his admiring and adoring heart;
 Joy after joy will rise in endless train,
 And Love—Celestial Love—eternal reign;
 And *the whole human race* in heav'nly rest;
 "God will be all in all,"—and Man supremely
 blest!!!

PHILANTHROPY.

Anticipator! I, with rapt'rous joy,
 Your theme have heard—How good is God! how
 great
 Th' Eternal Mind!!! and (O delightful thought)
 "His tender mercies beam o'er all his works."
 Words are too faint my gratitude to speak;
 In pensive meditation I'll adore!!!

MENTOR.

Be mine this theme to spread abroad,
 “ Man is the offspring of his God ;”
 He to HIM is ever dear ;
 Let Man, then, God’s image bear,
 And to HIM his altar rear.

Write thereon, with glowing pen,
 “ I will love my Fellow Men ;”
 To bless—shall be my great delight,
 To bless—my work from morn till night ;
 Of blessing—be my chief discourse ;
 In blessing—I’ll pursue my course ;
 And blessing—every hour I’ll be ;
 Thus blessing Men—will God bless me.

PHILANTHROPY.

Observer ! I have treasur’d up your tale
 Of Britons’ ardent and diffusive love ;
 Of Mercy’s rays which beam from Britain’s throne ;
 (And Mercy, well th’ immortal Shakspeare saith,
 “ Is mightiest in the mightiest” men ;) }
 And your remarks on philanthropic deeds
 Of Transatlantic States, and glowing zeal
 Of Alexander (Russia’s friend) to bless
 Muscovian lands :—These, with the bliss foretold
 By Prophecy Divine, have rais’d my hope
 To see on earth a paradise again—
 And more—t’ expect that high celestial day,

When the whole human race (who're wisely form'd
With thirst for bliss implanted in the soul)
Shall be by their Creator blest in heaven.

MENTOR.

O soul-delighting story!
To GOD we'll give the glory!!
Awake, in choir, the tuneful tongue,
And join t' exalt his name in song.

*PHILANTHROPY, MENTOR, OBSERVER, and
ANTICIPATOR, (in Chorus.)*

Who spake to birth the universe?
His praise demands our noblest verse—
His name with joy we'll e'er rehearse—

The DEITY.

The theme sublime,
In loftiest rhyme,
Let nations chaunt in ev'ry clime.

Who made the stars and orb of day,
Directs the planets in their way,
And marshals all their bright display?—

The DEITY.

His lustre shines
In fairest lines,
And love with glory he combines.

Who sends on earth the genial showers?
Who greens the lawns, and leaves the bowers,
And decks the ground with beauteous flowers?—

The DEITY.

Let Poets raise,
In brilliant lays,
To HIM their splendid hymn of praise.

Who Man into existence brought,
And form'd that wondrous power—thought—
The soul with tender mercy fraught?—

The DEITY.

No tongue can tell
What mercies dwell
With HIM—to HIM the grateful chorus swell.

Treasures of heavenly joys await,
And pleasures, in a future state,
The men who now HIS image bear,
The men of love—his special care:
'Tis them HE'll crown, in realms above,
With all the riches of HIS Love.

END OF ACT III.

NOTES.

=====

Glory to God; --- Felicity to Men.

=====

Irradiating Ray, from Thee I beam.

PAGE 4, VERSE 16.

WHEN the Great Creator brought into being his creature man, he implanted kindness and compassion in his soul, and imprinted philanthropy on the tablet of his heart. In the present state of man's existence, there are no greater blessings than the heavenly gift of these noble and tender feelings: nor is it an irrational idea to conceive that the more refined part of man's felicity, in a future state, will consist in their extensive employment. It is in these perfections alone that human nature can in any way become assimilated to the perfections of the all-glorious Deity. Man looks little (indeed, nothingness itself) when he attempts to imitate HIM either in power or wisdom; but he always meets with just acclaim when he aims to imitate his Heavenly Father's love: and these celestial principles have taken such root in human nature, that it is scarcely possible wholly to rid the ground of them, very few persons (if any) being so entirely depraved by selfishness, pride, or vicious habit, as to be lost to every compassionate and tender feeling; and entirely destitute of a desire after the happiness of their fellow men.

—♦—

And social Union richly flow!

PAGE 5, VERSE 10.

It has pleased our beneficent common Parent so wisely and so benevolently to constitute the order of things, that the social union is for ever on the increase, and naturally more and more consolidating.

The marriage union most frequently takes place between two parties who formerly had no knowledge of each other; and a close intimacy, and reciprocal friendship and interest, is, under the direction of a benevolent Providence, created, which very often branches into numerous streams: and the Almighty has so variously blest the different portions of the globe with numerous specific productions, many of them peculiar to their local situation, adapted and suited more especially to the wants and comforts of the inhabitants of the climes wherein they are produced, but coveted, by way of novelty, utility, ornament, or pleasure, by the inhabitants of nations in other climes: and the all-wise Parent of social man has so kindled in his breast a love of novelty and variety, a spirit of industry and commercial enterprize, (and which spirit of commercial enterprize he has so gratified in his wondrous gift, the loadstone, the right hand of navigation), that the flow of the tide of the social union increases thereby in rapidity and in the height of its swell.

But ambition often interrupts this amongst nations; pride, selfishness, envy, and vice, in family connexions: the fervent prayer of the Philanthropist is, that these interruptions may for ever cease, and that human nature may become one united happy family.

How highly calculated this wise and benevolent ordainment of the social union is to endear our all-wise and gracious Creator to us.

The parent bids his prattling child, &c.

PAGE 8, VERSE 8.

What a bright ornament is it to a national character, and what a treat to the philanthropic heart, that, as soon as children begin to speak plain, one of the first objects in parents and guardians is to teach them to read; and what easy helps are now afforded to render learning a pleasure; and what stimulative rewards are now held out for juvenile improvement! How would the great Alfred have rejoiced to have beheld this day!!

To all possessing her, the choicest prize.

PAGE 8, VERSE 16.

“What would JOHNSON have been without literature? “Insensible to the charms of polite society, and a rebel “against its rules: Yet literature made him a companion “for Princes, whenever he would condescend to associate “with them.” — *Williams on the Moral Tendency of Knowledge*, page 23.

The draught of *sacred* pen.

PAGE 8, VERSE 23.

Divine revelation is of unspeakable value! To the higher order of learning we owe the translation of that precious volume, the Bible, into the vernacular tongue, and likewise those diligent researches which, for some time past, have been made by pious literary men, to obtain the text of it pure.

The following emendations in the *Old Testament*, amongst a number, will shew the great value and importance of literary attainment and research.

Isaiah, liii. 9. *Common Translation*:

“And he made his grave with the wicked, and with “the rich, in his death.”

Bishop Lowth's Translation.

“And his grave was appointed with the wicked, but “with the rich man was his tomb.”

2 Kings, viii. 10. *Common Translation*.

“And Elisha said unto him, (Hazael), Go, say unto him, “(Ben-hadad), Thou mayest certainly recover; howbeit, “the Lord hath shewed me that he shall surely die.”

Mr. Bellamy's Translation.

“Say not unto him, Thou mayest certainly recover; for “the Lord hath shewed me that he shall surely die.”

Extract from the Rev. John Coleridge's Dissertations, chap. xxix. page 234.

"I would note also, that, 1 Kings xvii. 4. *וְהַעֲרָבִים*, the *Worebim*, the *ravens*, are said to feed Elijah at the brook Cherith, before Jordan. Now, there is a town mentioned Josh. xv. 6. called Beth-warabah, or simply Warabah, whose inhabitants would be called Worebim, or Haurrebim, the men of Warabah. Hence it is probable that the translation (1 Kings xvii. 4, 6.) should stand thus: And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the men of Warabah to feed thee there. And the men of Warabah brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook. This observation, which I suppose I may justly claim as my own, will take off one topic of ridicule from deistical men, and be more confirmed by noting that the town is (Josh. xviii. 22.) in the tribe of Benjamin, and seems not far from the river Jordan."

And, since the received text of the *New Testament* was completed by the Elzevir edition, in 1624, upwards of three hundred manuscripts, some of them of very great antiquity and value, have been collated by learned men, with much care and skill; and the interesting work does not stand still.

And hand it out to millions more.

PAGE 9, VERSE 6.

What pleasure does the present great increase of instruction afford the Philanthropist! With unspeakable delight he beholds (as it were) a new world, and highly rejoices in the anticipated view of the blessings of the rising and future generations.

Learning to Science paves the way.

PAGE 9, VERSE 14.

We are particularly indebted, for the introduction of history and science into Great Britain, to our learned forefathers, by whose labours ancient foreign records of information were translated into the vulgar tongue. In

this day of improvement, such is the avidity after knowledge, that the greatest encouragement is given to the translation of every useful discovery, &c. compiled in foreign language.

Yet, without *me*, would *she* be much unknown.

PAGE 10, VERSE 4.

Without Art, as an assistant to Science, mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, &c. would have been very little known; without optical instruments, how far behind should we be in the science of astronomy! how valuable the compass, quadrant, telescope, and chronometer, to the science of navigation! Who, without Art, would have known the extraordinary power of the steam-engine? and the art of printing may, with great propriety, be called the Palladium of Knowledge. Very numerous cases might be adduced to shew that Science and Art must necessarily form a union, to their arrival at perfection.

Science ennobles man!

PAGE 10, VERSE 5.

In the study of nature, man sees the Divine character in multiformed excellence, and beholds in the glorious Deity thousands of beauties, which are the continued theme of his meditative thought, and become so many sources of exquisite mental delight; and, while science ennobles the man, it greatly increases his powers to felicitate his fellow men.

Leads him through Nature's circuit, great and small.

PAGE 10, VERSE 9.

Myriads on myriads of animals are so small as to be quite invisible to the naked eye, and discoverable by the microscope alone. A philosophical friend of the author, now deceased, (Mr. Coventry, of Southwark), has drawn, by machinery, equidistant lines upon glass, to the five-thousandth part of an inch asunder, to admeasure the size of these animalculæ. And the ingenious Mr. Barton, of the Royal Mint, now makes similar micrometers, and in some respects has improved on those of Mr. Coventry.

In August, 1817, at the Glasgow Astronomical Society, their largest solar microscope exhibited hundreds of insects devouring the body of a gnat, and scores that had lived luxuriously for several months on the leg of a moth. The author was once shewn some sea sand, brought from the Italian shore by the late Earl of Bute, and called, after him, "Lord Bute's sand," which, on inspection through a magnifier, proved to be a number of marine shells. The pensive philosopher knows not wherein most to admire the wondrous perfections of Deity—in the telescopic or the microscopic world! And while, in our range through animal nature, we are struck with the grandeur of the lion, the hugeness of the whale and elephant, the towering cameleopardalis, and with the beauty of the tiger, leopard, and zebra, we behold with equal delight the beautiful humming-bird, the *curculeo imperialis* (or diamond beetle), the moth and butterfly tribe, &c. While the labours of the horse, the ass, and ox, in Europe—the elephant and camel in the eastern nations—the ostrich in Africa—and the rein-deer in Lapland—prove beneficial to man, he receives also the blessings of Heaven through the smaller animals; as the bee affords him delicious food, the cochineal and silk-worm contribute to his ornament, and the cantharides often afford him life-preserving remedy. The Almighty likewise makes use of the lesser animals for man's chastisement, as took place in the plagues of Egypt, and has frequently occurred in human sustenance being devoured by them.

A late divine of the United States, when in England, gave an account of a man in America, who was a professed Atheist, and who carried the point so far as to say, "If there was a God, he would go to a certain place, and there defy him to do his worst." He went, and impiously gave the defiance. "God" (said the pious divine) "did not send thunder and lightning to strike him dead on the spot; but, while he was there, a very small fly settled on his throat, and stung him. On his return to his home, the part became inflamed, the inflammation increased, and caused his death!" Thus did he awfully learn the lesson, "VERILY THERE IS A GOD."

To whom instinctive ray is given.

PAGE 10, VERSE 15.

Science is progressive in its growth; with all its present valuable attainment, it is now very far below its climax: Instinct is ripe at once, and knows no further progress.

Reason's struck dumb!

PAGE 10, VERSE 16.

Some time ago, the author was in a company when it was proposed to discuss the following question: "Where does reason begin, and instinct end?" A gentleman gave the following relation: "In my garden I kept bees; and there came a toad, and fixed himself at the mouth of one of the hives; the bees became irritated, settled upon him, stung him to death; then set to work, and made a case of wax completely over him. They soon found" (said the intelligent gentleman) "that they could not remove him; but how" (observed he) "should they know that he would become offensive?" The circumstance was so striking, and the observation so pointed, that the discussion on the subject could proceed no further. Numerous instances of the sagacity of animals might be given, that are continually passing under observation, which confound our reason, and strike the mind with great surprise.

The magnet, too! (how great its use!!)

PAGE 10, VERSE 20.

In order to estimate the value of the magnet, compare the protracted and difficult voyage of the Apostle Paul from Palestine to Rome, with the circumnavigation of Captain Cook.

It is impossible too much to admire the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, and his benevolent attention herein to his human offspring, in this his curious and surprising gift; for no other part of animal nature partakes of its benefits. Those already received therefrom are of great value and extent, and with prospect of large increase.

Is but the Title of the wonderous Book!!!

PAGE 11, VERSE 7.

"The soul of man was form'd to walk the skies."—YOUNG.

Such is the immense creation of the all-glorious Deity, that when the contemplative mind takes into its account the earth, with its numerous and various inhabitants and productions; when it considers its attendant satellite, the moon; each of the planets, with their attendant satellites, all most probably equally well and suitably filled with intelligent and animal life, and vegetation; when it contemplates the great number of visible fixed stars which shine by their own native light, as so many suns to systems of planetary worlds, with satellites revolving round them, all likewise inhabited by rational beings and other animals, and suitably furnished with the means of sustenance and enjoyment; though, in soaring stretch of thought, the mind adds to this assemblage of inhabited worlds, and suns to warm and enlighten them, those numerous systems of planetary and secondary orbs which roll in order round that large number of fixed stars made visible by the telescope; yet, such we may conceive to be the extent of the production of Creative Power, that this immense aggregate may be considered but as a grain of sand, compared with the whole creation of God!!!

I'm inspiration in the minor key.

PAGE 11, VERSE 9.

The surprising discoveries by Sir Isaac Newton, of the laws of nature, &c. appear to us a kind of minor inspiration. A large field of valuable science and useful art has arisen from sudden impressive ideas, or what is termed accident, but, with far greater propriety, should be called an unseen providential hand. The circumstance arises, scientific utility strikes the mind, idea expands, and the most beneficial consequences are the result.

To which our ancestry had little thought!

PAGE 11, VERSE 15.

What an accession of richness and beauty did the garden of science receive under the culture of the great Sir

Isaac Newton! But, since his day, science has not stood still: far from it: new discoveries have been made in mechanical powers for the ease and reduction of labour; that mechanic Samson, the steam-engine, and utility of steam itself, and which is likewise made use of in the navigation of vessels and yachts, which are thereby enabled to advance with regular progress and great expedition, even against wind and tide, not only on rivers, but to a considerable extent on the ocean:—discoveries have been made of several latent airs, in different substances, and of peculiar qualities:—the valuable discovery of the properties of the electric fluid, through which edifices may be saved from the destructive effects of lightning; and the electric fluid itself has likewise been found of great salutary value:—a new world, as it were, has been opened in the science of chemistry, attended with very great and various benefits:—great attainments have been made in surgery and pharmacy; and even the severity of amputation has been much alleviated:—the important discoveries have been made of restoring animation, and of vaccination, to prevent the fatality of that dreadful disease, the smallpox:—new methods are found of producing light, and one of giving light most copiously, and with peculiar brilliance, by the means of hydrogen gas;—and a new mode of conveying intelligence, with unparalleled speed, by the telegraph:—great improvements have been made in the science of optics:—the arts of stereotype and lithographic printing have been introduced:—a great increase has been made in geographical knowledge; the vast oceans have been traversed from east to west, and from north to south; new islands, and indeed archipelagoes, and what may be styled another continent, under a most genial zone, have been added to the map.

An extensive field of additional astronomical knowledge was displayed in Newton's days; but, since his time, by improved optical power, astronomers have made discoveries of several other planets belonging to our solar system, as the Herschel, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta; and, attendant on the Herschel, six satellites; likewise two additional satellites to the planet Saturn. By diligently exploring the numerous celestial nebulae, and the general

heavenly expanse, a multitude of fixed stars have been observed that were before unknown; and, besides this great addition to the sublime science of astronomy, discoveries have been made of SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF DISTINCT CLUSTERS OF STARS, each cluster rationally supposed to be as numerous (immense in number as it is!) as our own cluster or sidereal system. How is the creative power of the Deity here brought to view! and how would the adoring soul of Newton have risen in stature, had it been his lot to have witnessed these wonders!

But it would constitute volumes to detail the numerous discoveries in the different sciences, and the various inventions and improvements in art, which have been made, and they are daily making progress.

Could some improved method of preserving fish for future use, to what has yet been practised, be discovered, so as to render it much more palatable in a preserved state than it now is rendered by the usual methods, and also free from saline particles, the author considers it would be of most extensive benefit—a blessing to his country, and to the world—as the increase of human sustenance would be incalculable; and, in this unparalleled day of discovery, the desideratum may possibly be obtained. It has been discovered that the *pyroligneous acid*, which is obtained by the distillation of wood, has the property of preventing the decomposition and putrefaction of animal substances. It is sufficient to plunge meat for a few moments into this acid, even slightly empyreumatic, to preserve this meat as long as you desire; and here putrefaction not only stops, but it retrogrades. Messrs. Donkin and Gamble, of Bermondsey, are in the possession of a patent for the preservation of meat, in canisters, ready cooked, as provision for long voyages. Captain Martin, of the *Fortitude*, West Indiaman, says, meat thus preserved was perfectly good after having been in the West Indies two months; and there are many other testimonies to the value of this invention. Beef, that has been to the East Indies and back to London, was perfectly sweet and good. His late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, the late Sir Joseph Banks, and Mr. Astley Cooper, have highly approved of and publicly sanctioned it. With

such discoveries before us, may we not hope, if efforts were made on the subject, that it would be crowned with success? Round such an extent of coast as the British, what numerous millions of fish might be caught and preserved for use, while every philanthropic heart would hail a discovery so fraught with blessing to mankind!

The author would recommend to the consideration of gentlemen of opulence and public spirit, the establishment of a society to encourage ingenious and inventive men, by affording them pecuniary assistance to bring out, and carry on, their inventions and discoveries, which he considers would be of great public as well as individual benefit.

There are a number of persons, who have made valuable discoveries, and are in the possession of very useful inventions, but, for want of money to bring them forward, and carry them on, retain them within their own breasts, instead of handing them out to the public notice.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Commerce, and Manufactures, (which is a valuable ornament to the British nation,) do much to encourage the developement of improvement and useful discovery, by way of honorary and pecuniary reward; but there appears to be something wanting much beyond this; because many persons look forward to their inventions as a support to themselves and families, and hereby many of the most valuable inventions and improvements may lie dormant, for want of a capital to give them effect, and bring them out to the public; themselves waiting in hope that something might arise to bring the desired pecuniary aid: and thus may the public be deprived of some of the most valuable accessions to science and general utility. By the establishment of such a society, pecuniary aid would be known to be always ready at hand, which might be afforded either by way of gift or loan, as the case might demand, and a large beneficial accession to the present valuable stock of improvement be the result.

Which rose on Britain's favoured land.

PAGE 12, VERSE 11.

Sir Isaac Newton was born at Woolstrobe in Lincolnshire, on Christmas day, 1642; and, while we pay our just

tribute of respect to that illustrious character, we cannot withhold it from the great Lord Bacon, whom the Hon. Mr. Walpole calls the Prophet of Arts which Newton was afterwards to reveal; and Mr. Haslett observes in his Lectures, "He was the principal pioneer in the march of modern philosophy; his name deserves to stand where it is generally placed, by the side of Newton, Shakspeare, and Milton."

Many persons may be unacquainted with the value of Sir Isaac as a theologian, considering him only as a most eminent philosopher: But he shone no less in theology than in philosophy, which his excellent Remarks on different parts of the Holy Scriptures evince; on that sacred volume he set the highest value, as appears from the following circumstance.

Dr. Halley ridiculing the Scriptures in the presence of Sir Isaac, he cut him short with words to this effect:—

"Dr. Halley, when you talk of astronomy and mathematics, which you have studied, I love to hear you; but when you talk of the Scriptures you disgust me, because I have studied them, and I know that you know nothing at all about them."

And the pious and learned Bishop Newton observes, in his Dissertation on the Fulfilment of Prophecy, that "Sir Isaac possessed a sagacity that was peculiar to him, and with which he penetrated into Scripture as well as into nature."

How powerfully does this recommend the diligent study of the Bible! And the estimation which his great mind set thereon lays the quibbling Deist, with all his sneers and lofty language, prostrate in the dust.

The British Philosopher highly glories in his own country being the birth-place of these truly great men.

Nurtured by highly valued BRUNSWICK'S hand.

PAGE 13, VERSE 2.

Highly do Britons prize the blessings of civil and religious liberty, which they so much enjoy under the benign reign of the illustrious House of Brunswick.

Trial by Jury is one of the choice fruits of civil liberty.

On this interesting subject a much admired author makes the following remark :—

“ And this institution is not more salutary than it is grateful and honourable to those popular feelings of which all good governments are tender. Hear the language of the law : In the most momentous interests, in the last peril, indeed, of human life, the accused appeals “ *to God and his Country, which Country you are.*” What pomp of titles, what display of honours, could equal the clear dignity which these few words confer upon those to whom they are addressed !”—PALEY.

The present progress of general instruction will, by forming intelligent jurors, highly advance this blessing. And Religious Liberty, how truly valuable and cheering to the heart ! In what an eminent degree does the British nation now enjoy it ! When in history we look back in some past reigns, and see how the demon of religious persecution triumphantly stalked through its land, spreading cruelty and death, surely we may take up the language of the Psalmist, and say, “ The lines are fallen to *us* in pleasant places.”

For Britain's torch hath lighted up the flame.

PAGE 13, VERSE 14.

The progress which rational liberty is now making on the Continent of Europe affords great pleasure to the philanthropic heart, while the British philanthropist exults that herein it is his own nation that is looked up to as an example. Truly, then, does a Monarch bless his people, when he gives them a constitution of government formed on the model of the British.

In private walk, we gladly trace.

PAGE 14, VERSE 17.

Like showers that fall in the night, unseen, yet rich in blessing, are the benevolent who privately do good ; whose pulses beat high with mercy and love, and whose charity often proves a most acceptable consolation to the sons and daughters of misery, although their names do not stand recorded

in the public roll of philanthropy, and who, themselves, all humble and unassuming, yet can truly adopt the language of Job, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

In triumph, Philanthropic Union rides!!

PAGE 15, VERSE 8.

Truly valuable is that communion where Benevolence forms the column, and directs the march.

Here men forget political and religious differences, while philanthropy, divine philanthropy, is the regular order of the day.

The disposition to unite with others, to relieve the distresses or to promote the felicity of mankind, exhibits a fine trait of philanthropic character, and shews in what an eminent degree the principle of benevolence is implanted by the Creator in the human heart.

Radiant example, to the world she shines.

PAGE 16, VERSE 2.

"Behold (say the nations) that land of glory and freedom! above all, notice its active and extensive benevolence!!" The philanthropic Briton replies, "Remark it, to enjoy its liberties, and imitate its mercy!"

Benign Britannia runs to bless.

PAGE 16, VERSE 16.

In consequence of the great distress experienced by the poor inhabitants of Spitalfields and its neighbourhood, a meeting was held at the Mansion-house on the 26th of November, 1816, at which the humane Mr. Buxton, in a very impressive speech, pourtrayed their sufferings; and in a few days the sum of forty-three thousand three hundred and sixty-nine pounds was raised by public subscription for their relief.

And how prompt, how noble, how compassionate, how welcome, was the relief afforded to numbers in the inclement winter of 1819, by the Society for the Relief of the

Houseless, the benevolent Mr. Hick gratuitously offering his extensive warehouse for their reception! This most compassionate undertaking was supported by the then Lord Mayor, (Alderman Bridges), and for which he afterwards received the unanimous thanks of the Corporation.

By the liberality of the subscriptions, shelter and relief were afforded to thirteen hundred and seventy-six persons of both sexes, amongst whom were upwards of four hundred houseless seamen, and nearly an equal number of disbanded soldiers.—A Committee of humane Ladies assisted to see attention paid to the females. Beloved Britain! Compassion is thy polar star. This beneficent Society intends annually to continue its laudable undertaking.

In floating Hells, across wide ocean borne.

PAGE 17, VERSE 14.

Scenes have been described, that have taken place on board the slave ships, in their passage from Africa to the West Indies, that justify the expression used as not to be considered too strong.

The efforts of Mr. Wilberforce and his friends to prevent the slave ships (antecedent to the abolition of the trade) being over-crowded, and which object in Parliament they obtained, will ever be gratefully remembered by the friends of humanity.

Fulfilling that her soul desir'd.

PAGE 18, VERSE 3.

The abolition of the Slave Trade received the Royal assent on the 25th of March, 1807.

More nobly stands, and rises higher still.

PAGE 18, VERSE 11.

We cannot too much admire and esteem the unremitted perseverance of Mr. Wilberforce, and his parliamentary coadjutors, session after session, in pursuit of the noble object, until they in humane triumph finally obtained the abolition. What feeling heart can behold the statues of those two great statesmen, Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, and recollect

their essential services in this great cause, without an emotion of pleasure?

To gain this end, her Prince and Senate plan.

PAGE 18, VERSE 17.

Herein Britain's Prince Regent, its Senators, and People, exhibited an overflowing stream of the purest humanity, and of the most exalted philanthropy. Never did the British People more zealously unite than in the god-like effort to procure, on the part of other nations, the entire abolition of the Slave Trade. Eight hundred thousand persons signed the petitions presented on the subject.

Our humane Prince, on his part, expressed his determination to use every effort with those Foreign Powers concerned therein to obtain it; and the Right Hon. Lord Castlereagh has since truly remarked, "Ministers herein had not slept at their post." And, from the efforts that have been made, the Philanthropist looks up in joyful hope to ultimate success.

See how her Charities her land adorn,
And hail the boon—to be a Briton born.

PAGE 19, VERSE 4.

If the great Apostle Paul gloried in being born a Roman, what glory is it to be born a Briton of the present philanthropic day!

In the year 1810, Anthony Highmore, Esq. of Ely Place, Holborn, published an octavo volume of one thousand pages, entitled *Pietas Londinensis*, containing an account of the different charitable institutions in London only; since that time a large increase has taken place.

Th' affecting scene of lives thus snatch'd from death.

PAGE 19, VERSE 12.

What a treat to the philanthropic heart is the sight of persons restored, at the anniversaries of the Humane Society! How doth it call into exercise the finest feelings of the soul, a sensation that language cannot express!

It was Britain that gave birth to the Humane Society—

we stand indebted for it to the discoveries and perseverance of those humane and scientific men, the late Drs. Cogan, Hawes, and Lettsom; and its value is now becoming known by experience, throughout the globe.

In Nature's painful dang'rous hour.

PAGE 19, VERSE 19.

Here we behold Mercy touching her tenderest chord.— What value is it to the poor, at the painful and perilous hour of childbirth, to be attended, free of expense, by able and experienced midwives; and, in cases of difficulty or danger, by the most skilful Physician Men-midwives, and supplied with all necessary medicines, and that either in hospitals expressly erected for the purpose, or at their own habitations, as their circumstances may require! By the London Parènt Lying-in Charity, instituted in the year 1757, between five and six thousand poor married women are yearly delivered, free of expense, at their own homes. There are institutions of this kind in some other populous places; and it is much to be wished that such institutions might be general both in this country and abroad.

Their children's health is British care.

PAGE 20, VERSE 1.

Besides the gratuitous medical relief afforded to the children of the poor, with other persons, at the several local dispensaries in the metropolis, in the year 1816 an institution was expressly established for their benefit, which bestows medical assistance from infancy to twelve years of age, and from which institution others are now rising.

Poor Debtors gain their liberty.

PAGE 20, VERSE 6.

The Thatched House Society has, for many years, afforded extensive and valuable relief to poor debtors, and there are many other sources for this highly laudable purpose.

Distrest old age—the deaf—the dumb—the blind,
Implore her aid, and consolation find.

PAGE 20, VERSE 7.

Societies have been expressly formed for the relief of the aged in distress; and truly sympathising are those souls that thus unite to bless.

An Institution has of late been formed for the relief of maladies in the Ear. And a large and very excellent one has been for many years established for the support and education of the Deaf and Dumb, and which is attended with that valuable success that affords a lively joy to the feeling heart, and adds not a little to the glory of the British character.

Nor do the complaints of the Eye ask in vain for gratuitous relief. To the relief of the Blind every body appears awake; an establishment has been instituted for the support and education of the indigent Blind, and to train them up to productive employment, which is attended with the happiest success; besides this, very large donations and bequests have been made for the benefit of the Blind Poor.

Who can behold persons, who are born deaf and dumb, without peculiar emotion and interest, and not admire the goodness and wisdom of God, in so greatly making up to them their natural defect, (it being in reality but one defect, that of want of hearing), by extraordinary animation, quickness of perception, and adroitness! A Mr. Cook, a very respectable gentleman who resided at Bristol several years ago, used, from his observation of the Minister's lips in the pulpit, to be in possession of his discourse, and which he would afterwards gratify his friends with.

A family in Essex, well known to the Author, were some time ago discoursing on a theological subject, in the presence of a deaf and dumb youth, one of the sons, and an observation was quoted that a learned divine (whose works they were in possession of) had made on the subject. While they were thus in discourse, the youth had attentively watched the motion of their lips, and thereby had become in possession of his father's and family's sentiment; of his own accord he quitted the room, went to the library,

brought in the volume, opened the page before them, and placed his finger on the passage.

Often are we surprised at the general cheerfulness of the blind, and not unfrequently are we enlivened by their society, and improved by their intelligence. How highly is this calculated to raise the soul of the pensive philanthropist in grateful adoration to our benign Creator!

The son of want, who pines at home.

PAGE 20, VERSE 9.

Several Societies, called the *Sick Man's* or *Stranger's Friend*, by which the sick and distressed are visited and relieved at their own homes, and to whom the visitants likewise give pious advice, are now established. Silent but highly valuable are the benefits which these sources of exalted sympathy convey to some of the most piteous sons and daughters of want and woe.

In 1785, six pious and benevolent persons united together in this great cause of humanity; they were members of the late Rev. John Wesley's Religious Society, and they addressed the following letter to him on the subject:—

“ *Reverend and dear Sir,*

“ A few of us are subscribing one penny a week each, and to be carried on the Sabbath, by one of ourselves, who read and pray with the afflicted, who (according to the rules inclosed) must be a poor stranger, having no parish, nor friend at hand to help them.”

To which Mr. Wesley gave the following reply:—

“ *Highbury Place, Dec. 21, 1785.*

“ I like the design and rules of your little Society, and hope you will do good to many. I will subscribe three pence per week, and will give you a guinea on advance, if you call on me Saturday morning.

“ I am your affectionate Brother,

“ J. WESLEY.”

They have now raised above one hundred thousand pounds, and relieved about a million of the poor. In the course of five years, relief was given, by one benevolent society of this description, to nearly four thousand five

hundred families in Spitalfields, to whom were paid upwards of thirteen thousand visits.

Many Religious Congregations have formed similar societies: and they cannot too much abound, nor be too liberally supported; for, besides affording relief to very numerous objects of great distress—to the helpless and hopeless sick, and even the perishing for want—they have been the means of reclaiming from vice to virtue, and of converting the prophane swearer to the fear of God, and reverence for his holy name.

Nor is the Criminal by her forgot.

PAGE 20, VERSE 15.

In the awful punishment of death, every care is taken there should be no torture, nor even the appearance of it. The law for the burning of women (after being strangled) for certain crimes, was abolished above thirty years ago, on a motion made in the House of Commons by the late Sir Benjamin Hammett, one of the Aldermen of the city of London. The humane feelings of the British public have of late been much awake to the situation and circumstances of criminal prisoners. Cleanliness and room have been a great object with those truly benevolent persons who have engaged in this most praiseworthy object; and, what is more, a great attention has been paid to improve moral character. Here the efforts of Mrs. Fry to reclaim the female culprits, and ameliorate their wretched condition, cannot be too highly spoken of; and the Philanthropic Society, instituted for the reception of poor children, the offspring of convicted felons, and for the reformation of children who have themselves been engaged in criminal practices, cannot be too highly admired: it truly stands

“A splendid column unto Britain’s praise.”—Page 20, v. 22.

It is a most humane institution, and dictated by the noblest principles of virtue and benevolence: it is a national blessing, and cannot be too well supported.

It would assist the cause of British Charity in no small degree, while it would be little felt in the amount of the revenue, if Bequests for charitable

purposes *were exempted from the Legacy Duty. Our benevolent Legislature most probably only want their attention directed to the subject. During the period of the Income Tax, the property belonging to Charities invested in the public funds was humanely exempted therefrom.*

—◆—

While Jenner's skill—

PAGE 21, VERSE 5.

The benefits which Vaccination has conferred on the British population are very great—preserving life, health, eye-sight, and personal beauty; and these benefits have been conveyed throughout the European Continent, to the British territories in the East, and to several other parts of the globe; and in Tartary, where the smallpox had proved so remarkably fatal before vaccination was introduced, its worth has been unspeakable.

Extract from the Annual Oration of the London Medical Society, in 1804, delivered by the late Dr. Lettsom.

“About the year 1775, inoculation of the smallpox was much practised in Gloucestershire, after the Suttonian plan. Jenner, who then cultivated surgery, observed, that, among those whom he was frequently called upon to inoculate, many resisted every effort to give the smallpox, in consequence of having undergone the cow-pock, contracted by milking cows affected with a peculiar eruption on the teats. He was struck with the idea that it might be practicable to propagate the disease by inoculation, after the manner of the smallpox, first from the cow, and finally from one human being to another. He boldly made the attempt; and for ever secured humanity from deploring the ravages of the most pestiferous disease that ever visited the earth: and, in 1798, he divulged this wonderful discovery to an admiring and astonished world.”

For this valuable blessing to the human race, Dr. Jenner has been liberally rewarded by his country, whose glory it is to have given him birth.

Asylums and provision fund.

PAGE 21, VERSE 11.

Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals' Chest at Chatham, &c.—And what prompt and liberal subscriptions are made by the British people for the wives and children of their heroes, both soldiers and sailors, when they fall in battle; and for British prisoners of war confined in an enemy's land! In the late war, a most generous subscription was raised for such prisoners; so much so, that, on the happy return of peace, there was a surplus of eight thousand pounds, which the Managers bestowed in portions to our benevolent institutions.

Such has been the zealous generosity of the British in behalf of their suffering heroes, that some of the plates at the church door, being filled, have been obliged to be taken out and emptied, while the people were going out of church, that they might be brought back and replenished.

“My sons, come *gratis*, and be wise!”

PAGE 21, VERSE 21.

Behold, in almost every district, gratuitous instruction given, not only to the juvenile classes of both sexes, but also for adults, if they stand in need thereof, and solicit it; the female part of them being taught separately, and by one of their own sex. The rising British generation bids fair to assume that novel and elevated character, that a public odium will, not long hence, among all classes, attach to ignorance. The Sunday Schools have been for some years past of great benefit.

My *Nelson*, brave!

PAGE 23, VERSE 7.

“That writer, by whom the name of Nelson is not written
 “with superior glow, must be wholly insensible to the claims
 “of transcendant merit; since, to detail his exploits is to
 “transcribe the brightest pages of our Naval History;
 “and, to do justice to his merit by description, the pen
 “must be animated by the same supernatural impulse with
 “which the hero fought.”—KETT.

My *Howard*, I behold!

PAGE 23, VERSE 11.

Truly may Britannia exult, when she claims Howard as her own. On entering her great Temple, the humane eye fastens on his statue, and there beholds the image of him in whom piety and modesty, with the most zealous and enlarged philanthropy, were so eminently combined.

“A scene, which boasting Rome did ne’er present;

PAGE 24, VERSE 18.

What were the most splendid Roman triumphs—what are the most exquisitely carved Italian statues—what its most superb edifices—compared with the interesting scene, the annual assemblage of the Charity Children of the British Metropolis in St. Paul’s Cathedral?

Thousands in grand
Orchestra—pealing Hallelujahs sing.

PAGE 25, VERSE 8.

“Sung Hallelujahs as the sound of seas.”—MILTON.

The number of children that can be seated on this occasion 'is about five thousand; more would attend, if there was more room. The Hallelujahs in the *Messiah*, which are sung by the children, are impressively grand; the notes of the Hundredth Psalm are like sacred peals of thunder. The great composer Haydn, when he was present, was herein so highly gratified, that he observed, “Nothing in music had ever pleased him so much.”

This annual assemblage, large as it is, forms but a part of those children, of both sexes, who are gratuitously educated and clothed in the Metropolis; those of Christchurch Hospital (who are also maintained) are not included; and likewise a considerable number who are both educated and clothed in the different Charity Schools established by the philanthropic Dissenters, while many of these Dissenters, at the same time, generously assist in supporting those educated and clothed in the metropolitan districts.

With grateful heart for long-lost health restor'd.

PAGE 25, VERSE 13.

On the 23d of April, 1789, his Majesty King George the Third being, to the great joy of his subjects, recovered from long and very serious illness, went, with his Queen and Royal House, attended by his Nobles, &c. in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, to return his thanks to Almighty God. The streets were gravelled on the occasion, and those in the City through which the procession passed were lined with the Train Bands; and the Lord Mayor, on horseback, preceded the King bareheaded. A special assemblage of the children then took place. The whole spectacle was particularly grand and imposing, and much affected their Majesties and the spectators. Gold and silver medals were struck on the occasion, and a magnificent descriptive print of the entrance of the Royal groupe into the Cathedral was engraved. The inscription on the medal: *Deo Optimo Maximo Rex pientissimus pro Salute restituto Vota solvit lubens Merito, Aprilis, die 23, 1789.*

And here, too, did the Russian Autocrat,
With Prussia's King,—

PAGE 25, VERSE 16.

This high treat to the philanthropic heart particularly attracted the notice of their Majesties the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, in their visit to this country; they attended the anniversary of the 15th of June, 1814, and bestowed thereon their warmest encomiums, and each gave a princely donation.

The BIBLE, *freely*, she bestows.

PAGE 26, VERSE 11.

It does the pious heart good to witness the energy now displayed to diffuse the Sacred Volume in this country. For a long time past, Societies have been established for the purpose of its gratuitous distribution. Above thirty years ago, the late Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, published a Sermon which he preached in London for the benefit of one of these institutions, in which he stated that as many as three hundred Bibles were on board the Royal

George at the time she sunk, which had been distributed among its crew. These valuable Societies have of late very extensively increased, and persons of every rank have herein manifested a most exemplary zeal.

The great worth of the Bible consists in its containing the revelation of God to man, confirmed by miracle and the fulfilment of prophecy, enjoining the purest and most exalted virtue, with the most disinterested benevolence; revealing the character of the glorious Deity, in all its perfection, beauty, and excellence; the forgiveness of sin, and a sure and well-grounded hope of a resurrection from the dead, and immortality to come. By putting it into persons' hands, you thereby enable them to gain a knowledge of the Divine Will from inspiration itself, to become a blessing to themselves and to their fellow men, to rise above the vicissitudes, trials, and sorrows of life, and to triumph over the fear of death.

This was the treasure, this the *bosom friend*.

PAGE 26, VERSE 16.

Some religious ladies were a few years ago visiting the apartments in Buckingham House, the Royal Family at that time frequently residing there. When the attendant (with whom one of these ladies was acquainted) came to one apartment, she made this remark: "This is the King's room; and here he is every morning at six o'clock reading his Bible." The Author had this account from one of these ladies.

See *British* valour crush the *Corsair* band—

PAGE 27, VERSE 14.

Philanthropists have deeply lamented that the Algerines should have so long* continued the inhuman practice of piracy, and consigning their captives to slavery. In the result of the exploit of Lord Exmouth every feeling heart must rejoice. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in his Speech on the opening of the session of Parliament

* Kimber, in his History of England, states, that in the year 1637 the British Channel was infested with Corsairs, and that they had five thousand English subjects their prisoners.

the 28th of January, 1817, observes : “ The hostilities to
 “ which I was compelled to resort, in vindication of the
 “ honour of the country, against the Government of Al-
 “ giers, have been attended with the most complete suc-
 “ cess. The splendid achievement of his Majesty’s fleet,
 “ in conjunction with a squadron of the King of the Ne-
 “ therlands, under the gallant and able conduct of Admiral
 “ Viscount Exmouth, led to the immediate and uncondi-
 “ tional liberation of all Christian captives then within the
 “ territory of Algiers, and to the renunciation, by its Go-
 “ vernment, of the practice of Christian slavery.”

An Italian paper records, that a Member of the Arcadia has written the following distich on the achievement :—

*Exmouth en venit ; sed Cæsar major,
 Nam non imposuit, sustulit ense jugum.*

The humane mind cannot help shuddering at the following extract from the *Morning Advertiser* of Tuesday the 28th January, 1817 :—

“ UNION-HALL.—*Algerine Cruelty.*—A striking proof
 “ of the barbarity practised by the Algerines towards our
 “ countrymen, who were so unfortunate as to fall into their
 “ hands previous to Lord Exmouth’s glorious expedition,
 “ was exhibited at this Office yesterday. A young man,
 “ apparently about twenty-six years of age, dressed as a
 “ sailor, was brought up by May, who discovered him
 “ sleeping in the open air, during the preceding night, in
 “ the Borough Market, in a most deplorable state. He
 “ answered the questions put to him by the Magistrate by
 “ signs, intimating that he was dumb ; and, opening his
 “ mouth, shewed that he was deprived of the organ of
 “ speech. He requested to have a pen, ink, and paper ;
 “ and, on being furnished with them, he gave the follow-
 “ ing history of himself :—Some years ago he was a fore-
 “ mast man on board the Pelerranean Trader ; they had
 “ the misfortune to fall in with and be taken by an Alge-
 “ rine Corsair, who carried them into Algiers : here they
 “ were sold for slaves, and he was sent far into the coun-
 “ try, to the estate of his purchaser ; here he was treated
 “ with the greatest cruelty—his tongue was cut out—and
 “ his person otherwise mutilated in a most barbarous

“ manner; a large iron hoop was fastened round his body,
 “ and he was put to draw a cart and other heavy burthens.
 “ In this state he was when the glorious victory of Lord
 “ Exmouth gave liberty to him and numerous other equally
 “ miserable individuals. On inquiry, it appeared that he
 “ belonged to the parish of Lambeth; and the Magistrate
 “ ordered an officer to go with him to the workhouse, and
 “ direct that all possible care should be taken of him.”

See *France*—see *Russian*—*German* lands,
 Partake the bounty of her hands!!

PAGE 28, VERSE 5.

In France, she blest her enemy.

PAGE 28, VERSE 10.

How generous was the British Nation in her collections for the relief of the exiled at the time of the French revolution! and how eminently so in her contributions to alleviate the sufferings of the Russians and Germans in the late war!

In the American war, after the French nation had joined the Americans, a large number of French prisoners of war in Britain were in great distress, unrelieved by their own country. The humane British public generously stepped forward, and, by a liberal subscription, afforded them relief. Britannia then truly exhibited herself a Christian nation. And, besides these noble acts of generosity, there is established a Society expressly for relieving Foreigners here in distress.

And *Tongues their own*—

PAGE 29, VERSE 8.

The British nation, highly prizing that inestimable treasure, the Word of God, not only exerts itself amply to distribute it through its own lands, but piously aims to give it abundantly to every nation under heaven, translated into their several different tongues.

“ In the reign of Charles the First, a Mr. Elliott, who
 “ had emigrated to North America, and who was called
 “ the Apostle of the Indians, did, with indefatigable pains,

“ translate the Bible into the Indian language.”—*Kimber's History of England*, vol. vii. page 228.

In the year 1792, a design was formed to print and circulate the Holy Scriptures in the native tongue throughout the French nation; and a Society was instituted for this purpose, which met at the Author's house, and in which he took an active part. They began their labours by directing ten thousand New Testaments to be printed in Paris, and sold at a low price; and the sum of three hundred pounds was collected for the purpose. The first proof of the work was transmitted for inspection by Monsieur Jansen, the printer employed, and which the Author is in possession of. The Rev. Monsieur Marron, of Paris, the then principal French Protestant Minister, greatly encouraged the undertaking. The Rev. William (now Professor) Carey, the late Rev. Dr. Coke, the late Rev. Elhanan Winchester, of the United States, then in London, and several other Ministers, with their congregations, Mr. Wilberforce, and the late Mr. Henry Thornton, and other persons of piety and benevolence, gave their support: But the calamitous war which broke out between the two countries totally suspended the undertaking. The Committee, in consequence, vested the sum in hand in the funds; and, after waiting some years, and despairing of being able to make further progress, at the suggestion of the late Rev. Dr. Coke, they laid it out, with its accumulated interest, in the purchase of English Bibles, to be distributed in Ireland, and which were most thankfully received. Since which (glory be to GOD!) a Society has been formed, under the name of The British and Foreign Bible Society, on a most extensive scale, supported by very liberal subscriptions and donations. This Society has been able already to distribute the Holy Scriptures abroad in no less than ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY different languages and dialects!!! For this great deed of piety and benevolence, the British nation will be prized by the whole world, generation after generation. The Rev. John Owen, M. A. gratuitous Secretary to the Society, has published, in two octavo volumes, an account of it, with its labours and success. Were Wickliffe here, to witness the annual Report of the labours and success of

this Society, how would the tears of pious joy stream down his venerable cheeks !

Her *summum bonum* ever to diffuse new bliss !!

PAGE 30, VERSE 11.

In viewing the orange tree, we see a striking emblem of Britain's Charity. Thereon we behold fruit fully ripe—fruit full grown, and becoming ripe—fruit half grown—fruit of minor size—and the expanded and expanding blossom generating future produce. Many of our benevolent institutions are in a state of full perfection—many nearly arriving at it—some but half grown—in the blossom—or only yet in the bud. God bless them all, and crown every philanthropic effort with abundant success! We have plenty of fostering hands—the Royal House, our Nobles, and our People, are alive to do good; it is the great treat to the true British heart. With this ennobled view of the British character before him, the Author takes the liberty of recommending the following New Benevolent Institutions.

NATIONAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION FOR THE GENERAL RELIEF OF DISTRESSED MANUFACTURERS.

An Institution formed for this purpose would be a most valuable national blessing. Such is the fluctuating nature of trade and commerce, that in some part or parts of this manufacturing country there will be manufacturers (*pro tempore*) out of employ, and consequently in distress. Subscriptions and benefactions might be solicited for this most interesting purpose in every part of the country, and Sermons annually preached in every church and dissenting place of worship, in aid. And there are both the means and the spirit in the British public annually to raise that sum that might afford most beneficial relief. Committees being appointed, with wisdom and care to apply it, it would endear the British population to each other, have a great tendency to prevent crime, and annihilate discontent.

DISTRESSED CLERGY.

Truly valuable is congregational worship; and every lover thereof must wish to see the Ministers of Christianity

comfortable and respectable in their circumstances, and as much as possible free from the anxieties of life, that they may devote themselves to the important duties of their office : But it is, at times, the lot of some of our Clergy, from a numerous family or some afflictive circumstance, to be in distress ; and how does it appal the feelings ! indeed, they rise almost indignant at seeing advertisements in the public papers to relieve Clergymen's distress. Amongst several that have appeared, the following is copied from *The Times*, 5th July, 1818 :—" Charity's Sacred Voice.--" The benevolent aid of the dignified Clergy, and every other true philanthropist, is solicited on behalf of a poor unfortunate Curate, with a wife and seven small children, the youngest not a month old, involved in deep distress and unmerited embarrassments, destitute even of an habitation, and actually bereft of every resource, save the spontaneous offerings of a British public. Messrs. Coutts have, at the particular request of a Royal Duke, ever foremost in the cause of humanity, opened their house." The establishment of Institutions in every diocese, or of one National Institution, to afford relief to Clergymen in distress, would be a national honour, and prove a valuable blessing ; and there is no doubt but the benevolent members of the National Church would liberally contribute, and the opulent Clergy unite with them in this pious undertaking, and collections be annually made in every Church to assist. To the high credit of the Dissenters of different denominations, this relief is particularly attended to. Generous annual subscriptions, and collections at their places of worship, have for years past been made for this benevolent and pious purpose, the *Regium Donum* being given in aid. Suitable relief is afforded to their distressed Ministers, care being taken that it should be bestowed on them so as not to wound their feelings, or lessen their importance and usefulness.

HYDROPHOBIA.

This most afflictive subject powerfully appeals to the compassionate feelings. Hitherto the dreadful calamity has baffled medical skill ; but, when we consider the discoveries of the restoration of suspended animation, and of

vaccination, ought we to despair of our benign Creator suggesting to the mind a remedy? An Institution, expressly formed for this research, might, under the Divine blessing, obtain the desideratum; and our humane Government have manifested their disposition to reward such a valuable discovery.——It has been found, by recent experiment, that the injection of a quantity of water into the veins of an infected dog entirely subdued every symptom of this malignant disease.

The Highlands and the Western Islands of Scotland contain four hundred thousand inhabitants; most of them only know the Gaelic language, and there are very few of them that can read. The Author is well persuaded that here he has occasion to make no plea; he need only state the fact to the active sons and daughters of benevolence.

The humane attention which is paying to the relief of distressed Seamen, both of our own country and of foreigners, manifests a true British feeling. The appointment of a Floating Hospital on the Thames, for the relief and recovery of those who are sick and lame, and which has been liberally encouraged by his Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Leopold, is a valuable act of mercy; and both Institutions truly merit encouragement.

It gives much pleasure to the virtuous and feeling heart to see the public attention called towards the distressed situation of a Female Servant out of place, and in which excellent cause the humane and generous Miss Vansittart has taken an active part; and it is hoped that, by the public liberality, Institutions for the purpose will be formed in the different districts of the Metropolis, and in the populous towns, for this most benevolent purpose. How soon is the little all of a poor servant maid, when out of place and on her own hands, expended! and then her apparel, by piece-meal, goes to pledge, until she is unable to make a suitable appearance to offer herself for another situation. In this her distress she becomes a victim to the harpies of vice, and she is induced to enter into a course of life, the very thought of which would have antecedently

filled her soul with horror. What pain doth it give the virtuous mind, to behold the throngs of females which nightly parade our streets, and numbers of whom can tell a tale like this! But, as British mercy is now directed to this object, may we not hope for a happy result? For, if temporary relief is afforded to those of good character, until they obtain situations, what a merciful boon will be bestowed, and what direful evil may be prevented! and of many be said, in the language of holy writ, “Is not this a “brand plucked out of the burning?”

The Society for the purpose of bestowing Rewards on Female Servants who conduct themselves well and continue in their places, instituted by the Rev. Mr. Watkins, is productive of much good; and the success it has already met with affords pleasure to the humane and virtuous heart.

The TRUSS SOCIETY has been a most valuable relief to thousands, and deserves every encouragement. The name of the late humane Mr. Taunton, who so greatly exerted himself for its prosperity, will remain dear to the compassionate bosom.

The Sea-Bathing Infirmary, the *Bath* Hospital, the Institution for the Cure of Diseases of the Lungs, and the *Dorcas* Society, for lending Childbed Linen to Poor Women during their lying-in, are each truly beneficial.

The intended effort to instruct the Gipsies in this country, and the consequent amelioration of their condition, is a philanthropic novelty, and most truly praiseworthy.

A feast for Kings—is her rich treasure.

PAGE 32, VERSE 13.

When the Emperor Alexander, by his humane persevering effort, recovered the Polish peasant who was taken out of the water apparently lifeless, as soon as symptoms of life appeared, in an ecstasy of joy he exclaimed, “This “is the happiest day of my life.”

See Her—all Forgiveness, shine!!

PAGE 33, VERSE 22.

Forgiveness of injuries is the climax of practical Christianity—hard to obtain—but, without it, the Christian character stands imperfect. In the person of our Lord Jesus Christ we have a most eminent example of it, and his direct precept for it. This virtue should be most earnestly implored, and most diligently cultivated in the heart, or how can we offer up to our Heavenly Father that part of our Lord's all-comprehensive and pious prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us?" Persons, desirous of obtaining this summit of the Christian character, will do well to consider every injury they may receive as an opportunity afforded them, by the Almighty's providence, of the practice of the virtue.

Whose care divine decreed connubial life.

PAGE 34, VERSE 9.

Marriage is a wise and most benevolent ordinance of Heaven; and, while it greatly encourages virtue, it calls forth into exercise the finest feelings of human nature, and the greatest encouragement should be given to it. If Societies were formed, among the more opulent, to bestow portions on industrious virtuous pairs, on their entrance into life, either by gift or loan, it would much promote the cause of virtue and happiness; and such Societies being established, opulent persons, who may leave behind them no relatives, or none other but such as are wealthy, might be led to bequeath legacies in aid of this valuable object.

Nor is parental tenderness a gift
Of lower birth.—

PAGE 34, VERSE 20.

How wise, how affectionate, how transcendently kind does the glorious Deity appear in his gift of parental tenderness! Herein does He most truly appear to be our Heavenly Father. The disposition of many persons, who are childless, to adopt the young, and foster them like their own, with the tenderest care, not only relatives, but

strangers, shews how strongly parental love is, by the Parent of all good, impressed on the heart.

A very striking instance of the strength of parental affection took place in the afflictive event of the loss of the *Abeona* transport by fire, at sea, with passengers from Greenock to the Cape of Good Hope, near the Equator, in 25 degrees west longitude, on the 25th November, 1820. Out of a crew of twenty-five, and one hundred and forty-one passengers, only forty-nine persons were saved in the boats, and which, by the interposition of Providence, were met with by a Portuguese vessel, and taken on board. The narrator of the melancholy catastrophe thus expresses himself:—"Parental affection never shone with greater lustre than on this occasion. Mothers and fathers, regardless of themselves, caught up their young children, and threw them into the boats; and in one family (Barrie's) the eight juniors were preserved, one a child of fifteen months old, while the noble parents, with their eldest son and daughter, are numbered with the dead."

Magnetic Infant Smile!
Alluring sovereign o'er the heart.

PAGE 34, VERSE 21.

The smiles of her infant, on the affectionate mother, repay her for all her tenderness, compassion, and care; and a sensation of inexpressible delight thrills through her bosom when she witnesses the first smile of her babe; while, at the same time, those smiles speak the language of alluring dictates of love and care to the heart of the father.

Maternal Love! (Ador'd be Heaven for this,
It's Catholic gift)——

PAGE 35, VERSE 5.

So general is affection and tenderness towards their infantine offspring found in mothers, that a woman without them is spoken of in the Prophet Isaiah, chap. xlix. v. 15, as an anomaly in nature.

See what perennial Sympathy is here!

PAGE 35, VERSE 9.

How unabating is maternal tenderness! Who can witness it without admiration? It is a remark of mothers, that those of their children, whom they have long nursed and watched over in sickness, they find they love the best. If such is parental tenderness—such maternal love—what a most powerful, what a most rational claim is there on man to unremitting filial affection!

The man with piety possest,
Becomes on earth supremely blest!

PAGE 36, VERSE 5.

The most valuable gift of Heaven to man is piety, especially early piety, as it generates in the mind the detestation of every vice, and cultivates every virtue; and when it is seated in the soul, it becomes the never-failing source of an enlarged and glowing philanthropy. The pleasures of sense are transient and cloying, and frequently leave a sting behind; riches are unsatisfactory, and often fleeting, and, at death, like the ærial meteor, pass away; but contemplation of the DEITY is an inexhaustible felicity, increasing by enjoyment, lasting to the verge of the present life, and will be prolonged throughout the future ages of a never-ending eternity. Rational piety is not only the best gift of Heaven to man, but it is the brightest ornament of human nature.

He has no time to kill.

PAGE 36, VERSE 10.

The way of killing time, with many, is by laying and deciding wagers:—and it gives no small pain to the benevolent mind to observe the encouragement that has for several years past been given in this country to the practice of *prize-fighting*. Strange it is, that husbands and fathers, and those who call themselves *Christians*, can, with any thing but disgust, look on such scenes. Such persons would do well to consider whether the system of prize-fighting has not a great tendency to lead on to acts

of barbarity, and to murder. Many, who abet this practice, may themselves mean no harm; but they should consider what a number there are of unpolished bystanders assembled at a pitched battle, and those lookers-on get thus habituated to bloody scenes; and, thus habituated, the crime of murder itself, at the thought of which they antecedently would have shuddered, becomes familiar. And it ought to be remembered that such pugilistic contests are a breach of the public peace; and, when our worthy magistrates are apprised thereof, they hold the parties to bail to keep it. Some persons plead for this practice, that it keeps alive British courage, and which the nation will stand in need of when at war; but, before this practice of prize-fighting received the encouragement it has of late done in this country, were the British military and sailors less valiant than they are now? has not history, for ages past, herein recorded their renown?

It appals the humane heart to read the particulars of those scenes which so frequently now meet the eye in the public papers. I will give a few instances from the bloody record, with a hope to discourage (if possible, to annihilate) the practice:—

From the Morning Advertiser, June 24, 1817.—"The men were both piping like horses marked for the knackers; and the claret had flown in such abundance, that the seconds were even steeped in it."

From the same Paper, April 8, 1819.—"Pugilism.—Palm Sunday.—Sunday morning a tremendous battle took place in Islington fields, between a young man of great notoriety in the boxing ring, named Bill Finney, and an Hibernian, named Murphy. The former was seconded by Brandy Tom and Bill Tippet, and the latter by a black man and another. Finney entered the ring about half past two o'clock, amidst the loud huzzas of a vast concourse of people; Murphy soon followed, and was also received with the same acclamations.—Round 2. Both men set-to in a cheerful manner, and were some time before they could get a hit at each other. At length, after great manœuvring, Murphy gave him (Finney) a right-handed hit under the right ear, which, shocking to relate! knocked him down, apparently life-

“less. Death appeared in his face. His friends immediately conveyed him to the Rose, in Frog-lane, where he was laid on a table, and a surgeon sent for, who used every exertion to restore his speech and the use of his limbs, but without effect; and he was conveyed home on a litter, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery.”

From the British Press, May 10, 1819.—“Carter was dreadfully cut up; his face beaten out of all remembrance; and, by being twice thrown on the ropes, his back was lacerated in the most dreadful manner.”

From the Morning Advertiser, March 3, 1820.—“Pitched Battle, yesterday morning, near Cuffnells, Bucks, between Apsley and Burke.—In the 1st round, they went fiercely to work; in three minutes, they were both so covered with claret, that they were only known by yellow breeches and brown breeches. 5th round, Apsley received a blow on the temple, which in a minute left him without a glimmer of light; he cracked a rib of his antagonist in return. Both the men were led off the ground very ill.”

From the Morning Advertiser.—“Hackfield Common, near Oakingham, 4th May, 1820.—Battle between Gee and Bodkin.—2d round, Bodkin’s upper lip was laid open from the nose, as if a surgeon’s instrument had been worked.”

From the Times, Jan. 2, 1821.—“On Thursday last, an inquest was commenced at Culham, in Oxfordshire, in view of the body of Richard Pusey, who, on the Tuesday preceding, in a fight with a young man of the name of John Owen, received so severe a blow on the neck, under the left ear, as to render him insensible, in which state he continued a few hours, and then expired. —Verdict, *Manslaughter*.”

Could the gladiators, in former unpolished times, have afforded much more sanguinary exhibitions? And these are a very small specimen of such scenes, and which strike horror to the philanthropic heart, being so calculated to brutalize the soul, and to eradicate those compassionate feelings which so ennoble our nature, and endear the human race to each other. It is lamentable to say, that if

the different accounts in the newspapers were published together, they would fill volumes. Herein I have made no mention of the broken jaws and other instances of personal injury which have taken place, and which stand upon record. And the idea of *training* for the bloody exploit appals the feeling heart with a horror almost indescribable. And shall it be told in this enlightened day, that *Sunday* newspapers vie with each other, which shall give the most particular account of previously-fought pitched battles? And does it not outrage all decency, and bid defiance to every thing sacred, to see placards posted up publicly, not only during the Sunday, but even in the hour of divine worship, announcing that newspapers contain accounts of such sanguinary conflicts?

My fellow Britons! While you stand so high to the world, as ennobled and enlarged philanthropists—while you profess the holy religion of Christ—those blessed doctrines of peace and love—discourage, with all your influence, this hateful practice; and assist our valuable Magistrates, by every means within your power, to accomplish its extinction. Let it ever be considered, throughout the world, that humanity, and not brutality, constitutes the British character.

Persons, fond of wagers, would do well to employ themselves in betting who could produce the most humane benefit with a certain sum of money. The boon in question would then rejoice many a poor widow and orphan's heart, and console many an afflicted family.

His *sacred name*, by all be high rever'd,
By none prophan'd.

PAGE 37, VERSE 5.

It is said of the great Sir Isaac Newton, that he never named the Deity without first making a solemn pause. Strange it is, that the sacred name of HIM whose energy alone causeth the successive beatings of the heart, and by whose providential bounty man is daily supported and comforted, should by man ever be profaned. Stranger still, that it should be so (and so commonly too) by enlightened and highly-favoured Britons. It appears surprising, that man, at

all reflecting on the greatness and goodness of God, should ever do contrary to the Divine Will; but sensual gratification and interest too frequently allure him from the path of duty: But man has nothing to allure him to the commission of the sin of swearing and profane discourse; it is committing iniquity for the sake of committing it. Man is not at all constitutionally formed with a disposition towards it; and he who prophanes the name of his great and benign Creator, prophanes the name of HIM who hath formed him his rational creature, and dignified his created rank, by blessing him with that gift of speech which he hereby so greatly abuses, by lending it to the service of sin. The practice arises from example and habit; and, like other habits, it increases by use. Those persons who may see its criminality, but, from the power of habit, still continue its practice, may, by diligent attention and perseverance, gain that command over themselves, so as to entirely relinquish it. This prevalent vice should be continually declaimed against in every pulpit.

In this great duty, let man live!!!

PAGE 38, VERSE 12.

“ So many pathetic reflections are awakened by every
“ exercise of social devotion, that most men, I believe, go
“ away from public worship with a better temper towards
“ the rest of mankind, than they brought with them.
“ Sprung from the same extraction, preparing them for
“ the period of all worldly distinctions, reminded of their
“ mutual infirmities and common dependance; imploring
“ and receiving support and supplies from the same Great
“ Source of power and bounty; having one interest to
“ secure; one judgment, the supreme object of their hopes
“ and fears, to look towards; it is hardly possible, in this
“ position, to behold mankind as strangers, competitors,
“ or enemies, or not to regard them as children of the
“ same family, assembled before their common Parent,
“ and with the same portion of tenderness which belongs
“ to the most endearing of our domestic relations. It is
“ not to be expected that any single effort of this kind
“ should be considerable or lasting; but the frequent re-
“ turn of such sentiments as the presence of a devout con-

“gregation naturally suggests, will gradually soften down
 “the unkind passions, and may in time generate a permanent and a productive benevolence.”—PALEY.

Wisdom and Power and Love then call HIM mine.

PAGE 38, VERSE 21.

Nothing affords that true, that delectant joy, as to have the character and attributes of the glorious Deity continually in remembrance, as a Being possessed of consummate wisdom, infinite power, and boundless love; and that he is unchangeably the same, and ever with us, in the whole of his beatifying character. The tie, connection, and relation between the Great Creator and his human offspring is indissoluble; and we cannot too highly appreciate it, nor too frequently contemplate thereon. The creature is imperfect, thoughtless, and apt to forget this relationship between him and his God; but our Heavenly Father is never forgetful of his; for he is kind even to the unthankful and the unholy. The prayer of the pious man is, that the beauty and excellence of the character of Him who is the ocean of joy may be continually felt on his soul; that he may see God in every thing, and every thing in God. It is the contemplation of the Divine character, in all its harmonious excellence and heavenly riches, that will generate that love towards God which our Lord enjoins; that is, with all the heart, the mind, and the strength. And ever be it remembered, his love always takes the precedence of our's; and that, in every period of life, and in every instance, we must adopt the language of the Apostle, “We love him, because he first loved us.” How much would these ideas, dwelling on the mind, have a tendency to prevent suicide and insanity!

Go see the Philanthropic Howard die!!!

PAGE 42, VERSE 17.

This truly great man, when visited by Admiral Priestman, thus expressed himself: “Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I have always looked up to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and, be assured, it is to me a more grateful subject than any other.”

“ He would himself of good deny.

PAGE 43, VERSE 21.

The Author was intimate with a private single gentleman, of moderate independent property, (some years since deceased), who would deny himself the purchasing of new apparel, when his rank in life required it, that he might bestow private charity on distressed families.

“ He was the wretched culprit’s friend.

PAGE 43, VERSE 23.

The late Isaac Buxton, Esq. relative to the present benevolent J. F. Buxton, Esq. M. P. had that humane trait in his character, that induced him to visit criminals under sentence of death, unknown to him before their trials. This man of mercy was very attentive to the late Rev. Dr. Dodd, and in his carriage attended him to the place of execution. A late intimate friend of the Author, who lived to an advanced age, was in the habit, even from his younger days, of visiting condemned prisoners, to give them pious advice.

“ Beheld Mankind the offspring of his God.

PAGE 44, VERSE 9.

The enlarged philanthropic mind considers each individual of the human race as so many distinct flowers borne by the same root; and wherein he finds himself blessed, he wishes them to share in the same blessings. Whatever excellencies he feels himself possessed of above others, he resolves the whole into the special kindness of his indulgent Creator, given him to devote to the felicity of his fellow men: If any are ignorant, he rejoices in instructing them; if in misery, in affording them relief, according to that sphere of ability in which his Heavenly Father, in his all-wise providence, has placed him.

“ Who brought *the Negro* to this land.

PAGE 41, VERSE 14.

In the summer of 1806, the Author witnessed a scene in Clapham Church which afforded him the most lively

sensation of pleasure—a number of fine Negro youths attending divine worship, who had been brought to this country by the Sierra Leone Company, to be educated. It was found that this climate did not agree with them, some fell victims to it, and the plan was given up. The benevolent spirit and efforts of the Company did not in consequence abate; for schoolmasters were sent by them to the colony, to instruct the children of the African race; many hundreds of them are in the schools founded there, and their number is increasing.

For richer far— PAGE 45, VERSE 18.

How highly do the exploits of a Howard tower above, and how much more brilliantly adorn the poet's page, than the fabulous feats of a Hercules, or the conquests of an Alexander!! Let this idea be impressed on the juvenile mind.

And makes a Man resemble God?

PAGE 47, VERSE 12.

With this inspiring thought, who can embosom a contracted heart? "God is love," doing good without ceasing. The true philanthropist will consider that a lost day in which he has not, in his humble sphere, resembled HIM; in which he has not rendered some service to his fellow men; and for every opportunity, ability, and disposition to do good, he will be grateful.

O'er him her Shield of Mercy throw?

PAGE 49, VERSE 6.

The generosity of a British warrior, to a vanquished foe, cannot be too highly spoken of, nor too greatly admired.

"Well done! on Earth thou did'st display—

Philanthropy.

PAGE 50, VERSE 9.

Let no one repine at the wise allotment of Providence, and say, "Because I am not possessed of affluence, I shall have no place on my Judge's right hand—the King will

“not say, ‘Come, thou blessed,’ *to me* ;” for very extensive good may be communicated by us to others, without being possessed of riches. We may visit the sick and the prisoner, instruct the ignorant, give pious advice, excite others to liberality, and may form extensive plans of usefulness. Our Judge will not call us to an account for the non-improvement of talents we do not possess, but for not improving, for the benefit of our fellow men, those talents God has given us. Oh ! with what shame will the cold-hearted miser hide his face, and what a pang will pierce his soul, when he then stands before his Judge ! How will he wish he had employed that wealth which God had given him, to bless those around him ! Let, then, the man of hoarded wealth now recount his treasure, not to say, “I have goods laid up for many years,” but to calculate what blessings he can on others bestow.

Millions without instruction live.

PAGE 52, VERSE 8.

If we take a view of the world, we shall find that very extensive portions of it—the populous land of Hindostan, the Chinese empire (containing three hundred millions of people), the large peninsula of Africa, Tartary, a great part both of North and South America, Australia, &c.—are in a state of awful mental darkness : and the philanthropic heart cannot contemplate this without feeling the most lively pity, without an ardent wish that heavenly showers of amelioration and divine instruction may descend thereon ; for his soul is grieved, it is horror-struck, at the accounts of the gross idolatry, and the barbarous superstitions, which those travellers who have witnessed them relate to exist :—

“Where lacks associate in bands,”

“And unto idols worship give.”—P. 52, v. 9.

Dr. Buchanan, in his *Christian Researches in India*, writing from Orissa, 30th May, 1806, and giving an account of the worship of the idol Jaggernaut, observes : “The multitude at Jaggernaut exceeded every anticipation, their voices sounding like thunder ; and their number brought to my mind the countless multitude in the

“ Revelations. On inquiring as to the number of worshippers assembled, the natives asserted that a lack of people (one hundred thousand) would not be missed.”

Hear Ganges' flood repeat a tale——

PAGE 53, VERSE 9.

In the Evangelical Magazine, for September, 1813, Mr. William Carey, who is at Cutwa, communicates the following account of savage offerings made to the Ganges.

“ On the 2d of March, at the Varoonce festival, a large concourse of Hindoos assembled from all parts of the adjoining country, to bathe in the Ganges, at a village about two miles from Serampore. While the crowd were employed in bathing, an inhabitant of Orissa advanced to the banks of the river, leading in his hand a beautiful boy, of about six years of age. Having anointed his body with turmeric, and surrounded his temples with a garland of flowers, and clothed him in new apparel, he repeated the incantations prescribed by the Shaster: Then, descending into the river, and taking his son in his arms, he said, ‘ O Mother Ganges, this child is thine; to thee I offer it.’ So saying, he cast the little boy into the river, who sunk, to rise no more! The crowd testified their approbation, by crying out, *Hurribul*. It appears, that, several years back, he, being desirous of children, promised to offer his first-born to *Gunga*, should the goddess be propitious to his wishes.—Another man, at the same place, having performed the usual ceremonies, to prevent the intervention of his relatives, carried his son, a lad about twelve years of age, in a boat, to the middle of the stream, and there dropped him in. The child struggled for some time; and was happily discovered by some one passing, who rescued him from death.—An infant was also cast into the river by its mother, at the same time, but the relatives recovered it, and carried it home.”

And deed the tongue with falt'ring names.

PAGE 53, VERSE 16.

Dr. Buchanan gives an account of one hundred and fifteen women burnt on the funeral pile of their husbands,

within thirty miles round Calcutta, in six months, from the 15th of April to the 15th of October, 1804. And, at a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, May 3, 1820, the Rev. William Ward gave a deplorable account of the evils produced in India by the shocking and gross superstitions that prevail there. The custom of burning and burying women alive, so far from being on the decline, he lamented to say, was becoming more general. In one district, during the year 1815, between four and five hundred were immolated in this way. In 1816, the number burned or buried alive was near six hundred; and, in 1817, they amounted to seven hundred and eighteen. In the House of Commons, it was stated by the Right Hon. Bragge Bathurst, that in Calcutta, in the year 1815, one hundred and fifty-three widows were sacrificed; in 1816, two hundred and eighty-nine; in 1817, they increased to four hundred and forty-two; and, in 1818, to five hundred and forty-four. Indeed, to such a pitch is this practice carried, that the sucking infant is torn from the breast, that this horrible deed of Hindoo superstition may take place. Professor Carey calculates there are in the whole not less than ten thousand widows annually thus sacrificed.

Th' unfeeling son, *he* strikes the blow!!

PAGE 54, VERSE 4.

Dr. Leyden, in his Dissertation on the Language and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations, relates, that "when a man becomes infirm, he invites his own children to eat him. Accordingly, in the season when salt and limes are cheapest, he ascends a tree, around which his offspring and friends assemble, and, shaking the tree, they join in a dirge, the burden of which is this: 'The season is come, the fruit is ripe, and it must descend.' The victim then descends; and those that are the nearest and dearest to him deprive him of life, and devour his remains at a solemn banquet."

Accounts have lately been received from Sumatra, that, in a part of that island, children are fattened, that they may be sold as human food!!!

Are wanton sacrifices slain.

PAGE 51, VERSE 6.

“ In Guinea, the funeral of a sovereign is attended with uncommon scenes of horror and inhumanity. Several of his slaves are dispatched at the grave, as attendants to serve him in a future state. One of his wives, and principal servants, with such friendless wretches as are unfortunate enough to be within reach, add also to the splendour of the barbarous sacrifice.” — *Goldsmith's Geography*, page 567.

Letters from Calcutta, dated 20th January, 1817, stated the death of the Rajah of Nepaul, and that one of his queens, one of his concubines, and five female attendants, were consumed on his funeral pile, on which they precipitated themselves. One of them was only sixteen years of age.

Now hear th' inspir'd and soul-inspiring Word.

PAGE 55, VERSE 24.

Isaiah, chap. ii. v. 3, 4; chap. xi. v. 6—9; chap. lxxv. v. 25. Micah, chap. iv. v. 4. Habakkuk, chap. ii. v. 14.

Of Tyre did HE predict its marvellous fate.

PAGE 59, VERSE 7.

Great Babylon, of proud and peerless sway,
By sure destruction shall be swept away.

PAGE 59, VERSE 15.

Ancient authors, Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and others, represent Babylon as a most immense city, being above sixty miles in compass, with walls round it, three hundred and fifty feet in height, and so broad, that six chariots could go abreast upon them. And the Prophet Isaiah makes use of most lofty language to describe its glory and consequence; while the Prophet Jeremiah calls it “the praise of the whole earth.” “Its beauty, strength, and grandeur,” Bishop Newton observes, “are described with such pomp and magnificence by heathen authors, that it might deservedly be reputed one of the wonders

“ of the world.” Both Isaiah and Jeremiah prophecy of its conquest, debasement, overthrow, and complete destruction, and that it should be “ as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.” And Isaiah thus proclaims, in the 14th chapter of his Prophecies, verse 23: “ And I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

Mr. Salmon, in his History, vol. i. chap. 2, observes, “ What is as strange as any thing that is related of Babylon, is, that we cannot learn, by ancient writers or modern travellers, where that famous city stood.”

Mr. Hanway remarks, in his Travels, “ that its ruins, which geographical writers place about fifteen leagues to the south of Bagdat, are now so much effaced, that here are hardly any vestiges of them to point out the situation.”

The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel both very particularly prophecy concerning that great mart of nations, the ancient city, Tyre. Ezekiel, in the 28th chapter of his Prophecies, speaking thereof, says: “ Thus saith the Lord God, Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty.” And, in the 27th chapter, from the 3d verse to the 25th, is a very elaborate account, and highly worth attention, of the commerce and riches of this once-renowned city. Both these prophets foretold its downfall, and that it would be complete. Ezekiel, in his 26th chapter, verses 4 and 5, proclaims, “ I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea: for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God.” It is repeated again, in the 14th verse, “ I will make thee like the top of a rock: thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon.”

Bishop Newton, in his Dissertation on the Prophecies, speaking on the subject of the fulfilment of the wonderful predictions relative to the city of Tyre, says: “ The famous Huetius knew one Hadrianus Parvillerius, a Jesuit, a very candid man, and a master of Arabic, who resided ten years in Syria; and he remembered to have heard him sometimes say, that when he approached the ruins of Tyre, and beheld the rocks stretched forth to the sea, and the great stones scattered up and down on

“ the shore, made clean and smooth by the sun and waves and winds, and useful only for the drying of fishermen’s nets, many of which happened at that time to be spread thereon, it brought to his memory the prophecy of Ezekiel, chap. 26, verses 5 and 14, “ I will make thee like the top of a rock : thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon ; thou shalt be built no more : for I the Lord have spoken it, saith the Lord God.”——The Bishop likewise remarks, that Dr. Shaw, in his account of Tyre, and also Mr. Maundrill, a traveller held in great estimation by that intelligent Prelate, for the correctness of his description, speaks of how much God has fulfilled his word relative to this once-renowned maritime city.

The Author would recommend, to all instructors of youth, the frequent public reading of that most excellent work, *Bishop Newton’s Dissertation on the Prophecies*, and that the facts stated therein, with his remarks, should be (with any others the instructor may be able to supply) impressed on the youthful mind. He considers its value would be unspeakable, proving a heavenly panoply to preserve our youths from the attacks of infidelity, and enabling them, throughout life, with dignity and effect, to support and defend the cause of God and his divine revelation ; for there is that, in the fulfilment of prophecy, which particularly fastens on the mind, and endears to it the Bible.

Messiah’s words attend, the Jews behold !

PAGE 59, VERSE 19.

My doctrine shall prevail, the Saviour said.

PAGE 59, VERSE 21.

The Jews behold indeed ! How wonderfully is prophecy, both of our Lord and of the ancient prophets, (particularly of Moses), relative to this people, who have been now for very near eighteen hundred years scattered amongst the nations, fulfilled, and fulfilling !—we ourselves being eye-witnesses to these descendants of the ancient patriarchs being thus, by a special providence, still preserved a distinct people, no doubt for some great event to come.

And how wonderful has been the spread of the Christian religion !!—a religion directly hostile to that idolatry which

then universally prevailed, without the promise or even the hope of earthly pleasures, riches, or consequence to its professors and converts; but, on the contrary, exposing them to loss of property, liberty, and life. Yet, in the face of the most cruel persecution, did the doctrine of Christ prevail, and so rapidly and extensively spread, that in the 313th year of the Christian era, Constantine, the Roman emperor, became a Christian, and Christianity became the established religion of the empire. And, with such evidences before us of the truth of the divine predictions, who, that seriously attends to the subject, can have a doubt but that grand prophecy, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," (Habakkuk, ch. ii. v. 14), will have its glorious and most complete fulfilment? and that high triumphant anthem shall be in full chorus sung, "Hallelujah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ."

Intelligence and happiness to men.

PAGE 62, VERSE 27.

The Reports of the British and Foreign School Society are truly inspiring. Instruction is now (as well as at home) going on *abroad*, on a rapid and very extensive scale. At Florence, twenty-three schools are established. In Calcutta, eighty-eight, likewise a School-book Society, and a Hindoo College. The Noble Marquis at the head of the British Government in India gives great encouragement to the work of instruction amongst the natives, while the Noble Marchioness is, on her part, active in promoting the education of the female part of those inhabitants. The several Missionaries there persevere with unabating zeal; and, most happily, now the long and peculiarly obstinate prejudices of the inhabitants of Hindostan are giving way. The work of instruction goes on with success in other parts of the world; and so much so among the South Sea Isles, that no less than seven thousand of the inhabitants of Otaheite are now able to read.

Thus richly she diffuses blessing.

PAGE 65, VERSE 22.

If only that one happy circumstance, of having put a stop to the inhuman and most unnatural practice of infanticide, in the South Sea Isles, had been the result of British Missionary effort, highly would it have been rewarded; but what various and valuable additional fruits of its labour do we already witness, and with a well-grounded hope of a yet far more copious harvest! And may we not hope that the plan which our Government has adopted, of sending colonies to our settlement in South Africa, will, under Divine Providence, be the happy mean of instructing the natives, and blessing them with Christianity? The efforts already made for that philanthropic and pious purpose have been attended with success.

The *Western States* of Albion's stock, behold,
Are cast in Britain's philanthropic mould!

PAGE 66, VERSE 7.

To the high gratification of the philanthropic heart, the work of education is carrying on in the United States of America, with great energy and prosperity.

From the Monthly Magazine, for September, 1819.

" Extract of a Letter from Philadelphia, dated 30th May, 1819:—About the latter end of January, Mr. Lancaster left this city for Baltimore and Washington. At the latter he arrived during the session of Congress. Their Hall was granted for the purpose of his lectures; and so delighted were the Members, so frequent the loud plaudits of approbation, so charmed with his eloquence in the cause, that it appeared as if the spirit of Franklin had arisen from the dead, and electrified them with lightning from heaven."

And the Monthly Extracts from the Correspondence of the British and Foreign Bible Society exhibit great zealous exertion making in that country to distribute in their extended field for action the Sacred Volume, and numbers

of Auxiliary Bible Societies (as in Britain) have been formed, and are forming, to assist the Parent Society in the pious work. A letter from New York observes, "We have an immense tract of country to distribute or circulate Bibles through. The new States, west of the Alleghany Mountains, are five times the extent of the Atlantic States, and are peopling very fast."

Besides these valuable efforts of the American States for the improvement and happiness of their fellow men, on the 1st of January, 1818, a Society was formed at Washington to colonize the free people of colour belonging to the United States, and to send them to the western coast of Africa; and which, if well accomplished, may in the result prove an incalculable blessing to that untutored region.

To Alexander now attentive look.

PAGE 66, VERSE 17.

In an opposite direction to the United American States, in Russia, that widely-extended domain, and containing a population of many millions, who have long lain in a state of mental darkness, the philanthropist is highly gratified to behold the seed of useful and religious knowledge now abundantly sown. The zeal and liberality of the Emperor Alexander, and of the Dowager Empress, in the cause of education in that country, are very great; and their example is imitated by numbers of rich individuals. Some thousands of schools have there been established, several of which are governed by young Russians, who had been sent to England to be instructed in the Lancasterian system. Not only Russia, but Russian Poland, and even Tartary, are now receiving the benefit of education. Bible Societies are there established, and which receive great encouragement from the Imperial Family, from the opulent, and from the Greek Clergy. The precious Book is widely circulating in the different dialects of the empire; the Emperor is patron of a Polish Bible Society established at Warsaw; and (glory be to God!) a very copious harvest of blessing may be expected to be reaped.

See Albion's sister shore, *Hibernia's* isle.

PAGE 72, VERSE 16.

The Author has here introduced the subject of *Ireland*, under the impression that most extensive benefit might be there bestowed, at a comparatively small expence to that incurred by the efforts to disseminate instruction and religious truth in distant foreign parts. Not that he would wish to slacken the philanthropic and pious efforts now making to instruct the heathen, or that he thinks no attention is paid on this subject to the Sister Country—very far from it—but to impress the idea, that, if the same energy and effort were made in the cause of Ireland, a most valuable result might be expected. The cause of Ireland is a true British cause—she is our Sister Country—and British humanity yearns over her to bless her. Let, then, her cause be taken up with spirit throughout the land; let there *annually* be collections made at every church and chapel in this country, and subscriptions be generally solicited in behalf of this great cause. Let it be at once begun; and may the God of Britain bless the philanthropic effort! The Irish are a warm-hearted, hospitable people; and shall we not, by copious instruction throughout that country, ere long, thereby add to the list of Missionaries for foreign instruction?

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Grant, gracious Heaven, that my rejoicing eyes
May see my heroine to her zenith rise!!

PAGE 73, VERSE 15.

We are now arrived at a solemn pause in the progress of the Philanthropic Empire—an obstacle, for the removal of which the zealous spirit of Philanthropy calls on the energy of the British Nation to act as pioneer, that its march may not be impeded. Great achievement the British nerve has accomplished, and greater still is it able to effect.

A contemplative foreigner, visiting this country, is naturally struck with its excellence, its national freedom, its

equal laws, its aspiring intelligence, and the humanity and benevolence of its Prince and People; but, should he take ship, and sail to the British West India islands, and there see, in a part of the *British* dominions, thousands of his fellow men in a state of slavery!—there bought and sold like cattle, and themselves and their offspring without a hope of ever obtaining their precious birthright!—and beholding human nature thus degraded, thus robbed of its dearest right, how would he be struck! He would exclaim, “How can this be?” But, reflecting on what he had antecedently witnessed in Great Britain, he would rationally conclude that this tarnish on the wisdom, the humanity, the philanthropy, and the Christianity of the British character could not much longer exist. It is to be remarked, that, although slaves in the Spanish and Portuguese dominions do not unfrequently, either by entering into the pale of the Catholic Church, or by the discovery of treasure in the mines, obtain their manumission, the chain of the poor British slave is so firmly rivetted, that he has but rare opportunities of obtaining his birthright; and it may be said of him, “The iron [bath] entered into his soul.” What feeling heart could endure the thought of a child, relative, or friend being thus degraded, thus consigned to slavery?

Every person of reflection, from the progress of intelligence, and the active spirit of philanthropy, which are now so happily witnessed in the British nation, must conclude, that *a day will arrive when Negro Slavery shall be decreed, by its King and Parliament, to be repugnant to the sacred principles of the British Constitution, hostile and abhorrent to the benevolent spirit of Christianity, and a law will be made for its abolition.* Such was the case respecting *the Slave Trade*. An acquaintance with human nature will naturally dictate that the abolition of Negro slavery must be gradual, and under the wisest and best-guarded regulations. And why should not the law for its abolition take place NOW? Why should the numerous philanthropic British souls, whose pulses of generous humanity beat so high, not have the exalted satisfaction of witnessing in their own day the merciful decree?—and, as the abolition must take place by gradual steps, why, in the

name of Mercy, should this dignified act of British philanthropy (may I not likewise say of British justice?) be handed over to *a future generation* to perform? Glory be to the Father of Mercies, that there are Members of the British Senate whose noble minds would feel a high and sacred pleasure in uniting to accomplish the godlike object—the gradual manumission of the poor British Negro slave; nor would, I am persuaded, our humane Prince, his present Majesty, who has manifested such exertion on his part to induce the different nations concerned in the African Slave Trade to follow the example of Britain, and wholly abandon the inhuman traffic, be behind in this truly Christian and great philanthropic deed. I read his heart very incorrectly, if I do not believe it would afford him an unspeakable pleasure.

But there are masters who are humane born.

PAGE 75, VERSE 19.

That many slave-holders manifest much kindness and humanity towards those whose lot it is to be under their yoke, is evident, from the circumstance of Negro nurses and female attendants, who have had the care of planters' children when brought to England for education or otherwise, after having been informed, that, if they staid here, they would by the laws of the country be free, returning by their own choice to the West Indies, to continue in the state they were before.

Then think what heavy chains are those that bind,
Where masters are of harden'd, cruel mind.

PAGE 75, VERSE 23.

Over this heart-sickening picture I draw a veil; sufficient to fill a humane mind with the abhorrence of slavery, and of British slavery too, has long been before the public, and the Legislature has interfered to check its severity. The Abbe Raynal observes, "He who vindicates the system of slavery is an enemy to the human race." Indeed, the high-toned philanthropist can never rest easy while slavery exists; he well knows the Empire of Philanthropy cannot be complete while it remains. What dignified humanity

possessed the heart of the late Dr. Lettsom, who, having had bequeathed to him an estate in the West Indies, immediately on his coming into possession, liberated all the slaves thereon! The Earl of Moira (now Marquis of Hastings) reported, at a meeting of the African Institution, held in 1809, that Sir Sidney Smith had been presented by the Prince Regent of Brazil with a quantity of land, with all the slaves thereon, to cultivate it; and the use he made of it was to liberate the slaves, allotting to each person a portion of land to cultivate for his own exclusive benefit. What greatness of soul!!

Is not the slave a *Man*,
God's noblest work?

PAGE 79, VERSE 1.

Mr. Shaw, a member of the British and Foreign School Society, on his visit to America, makes the following remarks upon a school for the children of Africans at New York :—

“ Never was any one more highly gratified than myself
“ on visiting the school. Whether the unusual sight of
“ three hundred Africans in an improved and improving
“ mental state, made me look with partiality on them, I
“ know not; but I conceived that there was more order
“ there, and more strict attention paid to the system, than
“ in any that I had visited. In one corner was an African
“ Prince attentively copying the alphabet; a young lad,
“ about fourteen years of age, was reciting passages from
“ the best authors, suiting the action to the words; another
“ was working difficult questions in geography, &c. In
“ fact, let the enemies of those neglected children of men
“ perform a pilgrimage to New York, and, at the shrine
“ of Education, recant their principles, and confess that
“ the poor despised African *is as capable of every intel-*
“ *lectual improvement as themselves.*”

Baron Pampile de la Croix, a Lieutenant-General in the Haytian service, who has published, in French, an Account of the Island of St. Domingo, therein says:—
“ I have known some who taught themselves to read and
“ write: they walked about with their books in their

“ hands, and requested to know the meaning of words.
 “ Many have become Notaries, Advocates, Judges, &c.
 “ There are in St. Domingo who are tolerably good sculptors, architects, and mechanics; they work in the mines, with no other aid than books on chemistry, natural philosophy, and mathematics; they have established manufactories of nitre, gunpowder, arms, and a cannon foundry.”

It is the Author's ardent prayer, that his life may be prolonged to witness *this day of glory* to Great Britain—to see this high treat to the humane heart, *the Abolition of Slavery*, begun—that there may be no longer any impediment to the philanthropic march. Nor would he despair! For a long period, throughout Europe there was no servitude but that of slavery, and the life of every slave was in the hands of his master; but the benign influence of Christianity abolished it; and when, too, rational liberty was comparatively little known, as it is now in Britain: And may the heavenly influence of Christianity, without delay, erect its banner, and gloriously triumph here!

The Author would suggest, as an outline plan of **GRADUAL MANUMISSION**, as follows:—

That all children, of both sexes, who may be born in the British West India Islands, or in other parts of the British dominions where slavery then exists, shall, after a certain date, to be specified in the Emancipating Decree, be considered free persons. This was the late Mr. Pitt's idea.

That all male Negro slaves shall become free, after the date specified, when arrived at the age of forty-five years; and all females at the age of thirty-five. And, in case of weakly constitution, or other incapacity for labour, they shall each become free at more early periods; Commissioners being appointed by the Emancipating Act (who are not themselves slave-holders) to be judges of such incapacity, and also of ages, where there may be a difficulty to determine.

The humanity of the British Legislature will naturally dictate that courts of provisional protection and supply

shall domicile and support free children (where it is necessary) until arrived at a sufficient age for labour in manufacturing or domestic employment, and to procure it for their subsistence; and likewise for adults becoming free from age, who are not capable of labour; and for those who, though fully capable, may not be able immediately to procure it. And a plan might be adopted, that the latter may not be a great or long burden, by the courts of provisional supply being empowered, and by funds enabled, to purchase portions of land for cultivation, or to establish manufactories, which might employ them, as well as youths under their protection gradually becoming fit for labour; those courts reaping the benefit of such labours.

This is thrown out as an outline; the wisdom and humanity of the Legislature will ameliorate it where necessary, and enact every requisite provision in this high Britannic deed—this great Christian undertaking! The Commissioners before mentioned will of course be invested with powers to see every provision of the Act fulfilled. Thus, in the course of about forty years from the date appointed by the Emancipating Decree, would British Negro slavery become extinct, and, I trust, without the least danger or ultimate injury to the Planters.

Some of the friends of humanity consider that it would be improper to enact a law for the abolition of slavery in the British dominions, until the slaves had antecedently embraced the Christian religion; but I would submit that this is protracting this great and imposing philanthropic deed *sine die*; it seems to be perpetuating their present condition; for how can a population, professing the Christian religion, expect to impress its blessed sentiments on the Negro mind, while the Negro beholds them trample under their feet its just and positive laws; especially that so imperatively enjoined, and so fully explained by its merciful Founder—that law which is the soul of Christianity, “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;” and, “As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also so to them?”

Surely a wisely-appointed gradual manumission would

be the ready way to endear Christianity to the Negro heart, and to generate therein esteem for those of their fellow men, who thus, by their conduct, exemplify the heavenly religion they profess. And Christianity being thus practically held up to the poor Negro in its primitive beauty, and in so amiable a point of view, his heart would become more and more allured; and his mind, being more and more the recipient of its blessed instruction, would increasingly imbibe its spirit, and practise its precepts; and the Planter find not only a pleasurable satisfaction, but an increased benefit in the employment of Negroes in their condition of free labourers, instead of that of slaves; while Heaven—all-approving Heaven—with its abundant blessing, smiles on the deed.

Therefore, let me press the idea of *an early, gradual, wisely-regulated ABOLITION of SLAVERY, wherever it may exist in the British dominions*, being well persuaded the wisdom of the Legislature is fully adequate to the important object. And, were petitions to the Legislature thought necessary to manifest the public feeling on the subject, I have no doubt, when it was duly reflected on, that a million of the British population would, with philanthropic ardour, unite to solicit it. And Britain's GOD, who hath blessed it with Christianity and much distinguished kindness, who is the Approver of Justice and the Parent of Mercy, will yet increasingly bless my beloved country for this great and truly Christian act—an act that will be held up as an example to every nation possessing slaves—which will at once root up the odious Slave Trade, and highly gratify every philanthropic soul, in eventually hailing the welcome day when every human being shall possess his birthright, and slavery be swept from the earth.

The brightest Mercy—

PAGE 53, VERSE 19.

Several years ago, his present Majesty was returning home in his carriage in the night, when, noticing a poor lad standing against a wall in the street, houseless and comfortless, he stopped his carriage, and humanely directed

that he should be conveyed to Carlton House, to be lodged and taken care of.

From *The Percy Anecdotes*.—" Nearly forty years ago, his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have £.800 to an hour on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry, he was informed, that, the moment the money arrived, the Prince drew on his boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock without a star, and, turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity; and, with some trouble, the gentleman discovered the object of the Prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America, with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that, to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family. The Prince, by accident, overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money; and, that no mistake might happen, carried it himself. On asking, at an obscure lodging-house in a court near Covent Garden, for the lodger, he was shewn up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in — street, and give some account of himself in future; saying which, he departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged."

And, without noticing other instances, how strikingly does the mercy of the British Throne appear in the circumstance of the very few criminals who suffer the punishment of death, compared with the number who are sentenced thereto, having forfeited their lives by the breach of the law!

Whate'er impedes the march of Love!

PAGE 87, VERSE 14.

There is a system of oppression which has long been adopted in the *British Nation*, in time of war, that wounds the heart of the Philanthropist—the *impressing of persons into the service of the Royal Navy*; and it demands the serious attention of our humane Legislature to put a stop to it, by forming plans for wholly manning it by a volunteer service; and the happy time of a peace, apparently likely to be lasting, affords a very favourable opportunity for their turning their attention to the subject. The *onus* of this oppression always falls principally on a most valuable and useful class of British subjects—the mercantile seamen. Most undoubtedly the King has a right to call on every one, in a time to war, to rise in defence of the country, and he will naturally call on those who are the best qualified for such service; but surely some more eligible mode of manning the Royal Navy might be adopted, than the usual one of impressment, which stands so opposed to the darling liberty of a Briton, appals the feeling of the individual, and not unfrequently is attended with afflictive circumstances, and sometimes ruin to families.

The establishment of National Fisheries would employ a number of seamen, ever ready to be called on at once, in time of war; and, if an improved method of curing fish could be discovered, as mentioned in page 104, these national fisheries then being very extensive, the number of expert able seamen, immediately ready for service, would be large.

Lads, in great numbers, might be induced to enter into the service of the Royal Navy, who would soon grow up a body of excellent seamen at command; and these lads might, were national fisheries to be adopted, be employed therein. That valuable institution, the Marine Society, continually contributes its aid to furnish lads for the Royal Navy, but its means are not sufficient to afford aid herein to any great extent.

Mercantile seamen might, for a bounty and some annual pay, be induced to register their names to be called on

for service, in a time of war, when they arrive at a British port; giving time, antecedent to their entering into actual service, to visit relatives and friends.

Such plans, or similar ones, with such improvement and regulations as the wisdom of the Legislature might adopt, would do away with the necessity of impressment, so at variance with the liberty and philanthropy of our beloved Country; and let us hope they will, without delay, take the subject into their consideration.

His ways, all-wise, but oft not understood,
Are ever bringing forth abounding good.

PAGE 88, VERSE 16.

How long and dismal was the cloud that hung over Europe, and what desolating scourges afflicted it from the ambitious career of Buonaparte! But with what admiring and adoring thought does the contemplative Philanthropist behold herein the Almighty's goodness supervene, bringing out of it an entail of abundant blessing; and particularly in the circumstance of the visit of the Emperor of Russia to this country, who, embosoming a heart fashioned by Heaven to be inoculated with its zeal to educate the young, and diffuse the Holy Volume, caught its sacred flame: Thousands in his extensive empire have received, and are receiving, the greatest of benefits, and generations yet unborn will have to bless the event.

JEHOVAH "will make all things new." *

PAGE 90, VERSE 18.

Truly philanthropic is the prayer of our National Church:—"That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men, we beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"—A higher wish cannot germinate in the generous soul; and the attentive Bible reader can offer it up in faith. The word *κολασις*, (in Matthew, chap. 25, ver. 46), translated *punishment*, the learned Grotius states to be one of the words used by heathen Greek writers and philosophers,

* Revelations, chap. 21, verse 1—5.

in reference to such punishments as were intended for the benefit of him who offended; and the expression of the original, there used for *duration*, signifies an unknown or hidden period.

And love with glory he combines.

PAGE 93, VERSE 19.

When we look up to the glory of the heavens, and contemplate our own planetary system, and suppose each fixed star to be a sun illuminating a system of inhabited planetary worlds, we must be impressed with the sentiment, that love, combined with glory, is written in lively characters throughout the vast celestial expanse, calling on us, in deep solemnity of thought, to admire and adore HIM who spake the immense and glorious universe into birth.

'Tis them HE'll crown, in realms above,
With all the riches of HIS love.

PAGE 94, VERSE 18.

What an inspiring motive is this for man to cultivate the spirit of love towards his fellow men!—for, not only will he hereby resemble his GOD, and obtain HIS high approbation, but he will, while on earth, in a measure, anticipate the bliss of the heavenly world; for *love* will ever be the song of the blessed—will constitute the employment and enjoyment of heaven.

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